The Saturday Evening Post

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A CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

I believe in dreams of duty,
  Warning where they can't control,
Fragments of the glorious beauty
  That once filled the unfallen soul!
In the godlike wreck of nature
  Sin did in the sinner leave,
That may still regain the stature
  It hath fallen from, I believe.

I believe in human kindness,
  Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
  Than in censure's keenest ken:
In the gentleness that slowly
  Sanctions what would others grieve,
In the trust that, deep and holy,
  Hopeth all things, I believe.

I believe in self-denial,
  And its secret throb of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
  Dying not, though death destroy:
In those fond and full believings
  That, though all the world deceive,
Will not let its dark deceivings
  Wake suspicion, I believe.

I believe in man's affection,
  Tender, true, unselfish, high,
Infancy's almost perfection,
  And in woman's purity;
In *his* lofty soul, sustaining,
  That can to *one* purpose cleave;
In *her* gentle, uncomplaining
  Peace and patience, I believe.

I believe in self-devotion,
  The long sacrifice of years,
Noblest fruits of deep emotion,
  Man's blood-shedding, woman's tears:
In the pure prevailing passion
  Human hearts by God conceive,
And, despite the world's cold fashion,
  Live and die for, I believe.

I believe in human kindness
  Trying to be strong and true,
Owning in impassioned meekness
  What it would, but could not do:
In its consciousness of failing,
  Which the less it doth perceive,
Doth the more leave unavailing
  All its efforts, I believe.

I believe in Love renewing
  All that sin hath swept away,
Heaven-like its work pursuing
  Night by night, and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
  In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
  Its perfection, I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
  Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
  Hath a depth that's deeper still;
In its patience, its endurance
  To forbear, and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
  Of its triumph, I believe.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

Dora Tremaine had struggled some time with pride and sense of neglect before she had consented that Catherine Dawson should become her messenger.

"Does he even care to hear from me, Catherine?" she would ask with a stinging doubt rankling in her heart.

"We do not know what Mr. Cameron may have told him—some false, cruel story, perhaps, that a few words may set right. I think it's best for me to go, child, and to see him."

At last Dora had yielded reluctantly, yet glad in her heart to be over-ruled. But she had given Catherine many charges.

"You may surely trust me," the woman replied. "If it is true that he no longer cares, which I cannot believe of Mr. Tremaine, I shall ask no pity. But it is best to know the truth. This suspense is wearing you terribly."

Mrs. Connor came in to stay with the invalid, while Mark Dawson patrolled the premises without—so that they should not be taken by surprise if any enemy were lurking near. Mrs. Dawson went straight about her business in the meanwhile, taking a grim satisfaction in planning her attack upon Mr. Tremaine. For, although she listened patiently to Dora's justification of him, in her heart she could not quite acquit him of cruelty and neglect. One would hardly treat an enemy with such utter coldness if he lay ill, perhaps dying, for it seemed as if Dora had been near to that.

But she waited in vain. The moments lengthened themselves interminably, and

"QUITE FREE," HE SAID. "TELL HER THAT FROM ME!"

still Mr. Tremaine did not make his appearance. Then, with some difficulty and much disappointment, Catherine wrote her note and started homeward with a heavy heart.

Dora's eyes were feverishly anxious.

"You saw him?" she asked, with a gasp.

"No, child." And Catherine sat down disconsolately. "He was not in, and I waited as long as I could. Then I left a note."

Dora turned her face over on the pillow, and gave vent to her tears. For the last two hours she had been building upon this interview, until she had actually reached a tender reconciliation, but by what steps she could never remember. And now it was dashed to ruins.

"Yes, I wrote a message," Catherine went on, fumbling awkwardly at her shawl. "I did not beg him to come; but if he has any heart, he will."

"No, Catherine," she sobbed, "I can feel that he has ceased to care; that he thinks I have basely deceived him. He will never, never come."

"Then I shall always hold him to be an unjust and cruel man." And Catherine rose stillly. "To believe the story of that villain, when you lie here sick, unable to say a word in your own defence, and he not caring to hear it said. If he doesn't come to-night, he isn't worth the love you have given him."

Dora made no reply. Were the circumstances reversed, what could keep her from his side? And if he were ill, she would question no law, no sense of propriety—but fly at once to comfort him in the depths of any anguish.

Yet when the note reached her, enclosing the check, Dora received the cruelest blow of all. Up to that moment she had hoped, how much, she knew when she lay there utterly crushed and forlorn. It had not seemed possible that he could be so implacable, so pitiless! He did not say in so many words that they were parted forever, but each brief line implied the fact. He had listened and believed Jasper Cameron's story, and had nothing left for her save the strictest justice. Poor Dora! And their last moments together had been so happy, so satisfying. She had felt how well and truly she loved him. And yet she remembered her sudden misgiving—were there really such things as presentiments? What if she had gone to the city with him that day, could it have changed the course of fate?

Dr. Mackey found his patient much worse. A strange apathy had taken possession of her. Though she had less fever and seemed to suffer little pain, yet she failed daily, grew weaker, and wasted away at an alarming rate. He was very earnest in demanding a change of air for her immediately.

The receipt of her fortune was to Dora like the signature on her death warrant. She could look for nothing more. Ralph Tremaine had severed the last link that might have brought them together, or given cause for an interview. She was to have no claim on him, to be nothing to him henceforward. Swept away from the safe and pleasant mooring, utterly adrift on the wide ocean of strange and untoward circumstances. What was left for her now? Why not die?

"Catherine," she said, rousing herself, "I am no longer Mr. Tremaine's wife. He cannot forgive. He repudiates me entirely; delivers me to the mercy of Jasper Cameron. Oh, how can men be so cruel, so pitiless! Do you think I could have deserted him in any hour of fiery trial? I wish your doctor had let me die at first. What can I do now?"

The heavy eyes were turned beseechingly towards the poor woman who listened, as helpless as herself to conquer this hard fate.

"My bairn, my darling, we will trust God to bring us to the light somehow. You shall never want for care nor any love that I can give. It's not what you should have, but a true heart offers it freely." And Mrs. Dawson's voice trembled with emotion.

"My good Catherine, I thank God hourly for you. But I have made you so much trouble—and when or how it will end, no one can tell. If God would but let me die!"

"Hush, dear," was the answer, in a solemn tone. "It may be His will to find a wiser way out, and we must wait patiently. Dr. Mackey thinks you had better go away and try change of air. If you choose, I will be your waiting-maid anywhere."

"Is Mark tired of me, Catherine?"

"No, child, don't think that. You'll get tired of this little place sooner. It's so different from what you have always been used."

"I don't want to go anywhere. I want to be shut away from the sight of all the world. Just let me stay here and die, if I can;" and Dora turned wearily, her voice sinking into a heart-breaking pathos.

Catherine wiped the tears from her eyes. During these days of trouble, Dora had grown strangely dear to her.

And so the time passed heavily enough. The weather grew oppressively warm, but everything seemed alike to Dora. Catherine went about her household duties; Mark made short journeys from home—more brief now, for his wife felt lonesome and anxious without him. Their monotony was broken only by the visits of the doctor, and occasional calls from Jasper Cameron, who, since he had resolved upon his course, very considerately allowed himself to be persuaded not to intrude upon Dora, though he evinced a strong desire for her recovery.

Indeed, he was fully satisfied with the working of his plans. He had heard of Mr. Tremaine's calls upon Mrs. Lester and her daughter, and their departure for Woodlea. The latter fact startled him a little. Had he played a worse card for Dora than he at first intended.

At present it might be as well for him to keep out of the way. He changed his hotel therefore, as lodging at his aunt's was but little to his taste. He took a trip to Woodlea, and found, by one of the many stratagems that he was master of, that the ladies had come to spend the summer. He fancied that Mr. Tremaine bore his troubles with remarkable equanimity.

It was evident that Mr. Colby was fast reaching a sensible conclusion. The Lake George party had been decided upon, and Isabel Colby was already deep in a part of her bridal outfit. Money must be had, and Leonard Colby decided that it was useless to attempt to stem the tide. After his daughter's marriage he would explain that recent losses had rendered retrenchment necessary, but until then there could be no change. Yet this burthen that he carried about with him grew every day more frightful. The two months seemed to him almost interminable. True, he had not given a positive answer to Jasper Cameron, but there had been a tacit acquiescence, and the latter had already drawn upon him for a considerable sum of money.

Of all the actors in the quiet tragedy, that like hundreds of others went on unnoticed by the outer world, the two most at ease were Mrs. Lester and her daughter. Mr. Tremaine had insisted upon their coming to Woodlea immediately. The housekeeper made ready and received them in state, dressed in her best cambric gown. Something in Mrs. Merrivour attracted her at once, the beauty and undeniable style, and the air with which she swept through the hall.

"A real lady," was her internal comment.

Mr. Tremaine had given a few orders. The sitting-room that had been Dora's, and the sleeping-room were locked, and not to be opened under any pretence. He changed his apartment to the one at the end of the hall, where everything would not speak of the blight and ruin that had fallen upon him. Steel his heart against Dora as he might, he could not shut out the hundred tender remembrances that haunted him at every step. If she had but come once—even if she had implored him to visit her, he would have gone, though their parting had been tenfold more bitter than this suspense.

Mrs. Lester was delighted to be at Woodlea. The changes were unimportant and hardly to be remarked in the face of so many old-time familiarities. She went about with a glow of girlish enthusiasm, noting every tree and flower, and pleasing Mr. Tremaine by her evident satisfaction. Edith was much more quiet, but now and then she raised her deep, lustrous eyes with an expression of wordless thanks.

"You are so kind, Ralph, and so patient with all of mamma's whims and fancies," she said in a low voice as they parted the first evening.

"I only hope you and she will not think it dull and lonesome. There might have been more pleasant circumstances under which you could enjoy the visit"—and he paused, casting down his eyes. Oh, if Dora were but there! That she might not feel so friendly toward this beautiful woman hardly occurred to him.

"Yes," she returned slowly. "And sometimes I think it was not very wise to come just now—on your account," and she paused with a lingering intonation as if much more might be said.

"On my account?" he repeated.

"Yes. Most people I believe like solitude best in any great trouble. And yours has been—"

She meant that he should discuss it with her, come to her for sympathy—any friend or brother would have that privilege.

"I don't know," Tremaine said slowly. "The solitude nearly drove me wild. If you had not come I think I should have closed the house for a while at least."

"Oh, Ralph, to have your dreams so rudely broken, to see you thrust from happiness to despair, is a sore punishment to me!"

There was a touching and tremulous pathos to her voice, a real sorrow as she spoke, for there had been hours in her life when her marriage had maddened her almost beyond control.

"You must not look at in that light, Edith," he replied gently.

"The first false step was mine; I can never forget that," she said with a strange heat of passion and regret in her tone.

Her pity and repentance touched him deeply. He thought it the more generous because she had suffered deeply, as well, and instead of demanding his sympathy, she gave him hers.

"It is a sad fate, and yet—" he was about to add, and to any other woman he would have said—"I am glad to have known and loved Dora even at this terrible price," but he bethought himself of what had passed between them—"and yet God knows best when He leads us through these thorny paths. Good-night."

Had she called up this remembrance unwisely? she asked herself upon reaching her room. She knew very well that when they began to talk freely of the past, one great step would be gained, and she said to her heart that if there could be no deeper sentiment awakened, there would still remain a true and earnest friendship, growing more important to him every day. For herself she found there was coming back a stronger tie than the old love. That had been a girl's halting, irresolute fancy, loving the man, but shrinking from the fate, and being beset on every hand by the strong contrast with wealth. Now she saw the wide difference between the two men. Mr. Merrivour's was a narrow, petty mind, that could behold nothing outside of himself; and while he wanted her as a lay figure on which he could display his diamonds, rubies, elegant silks and laces, and shawls that drove women to distraction, she must have no individual desire for admiration, or even appreciation. How keenly she had suffered from his jealous taunts and suspicions, and the meanness that grudged every dollar not spent in show, she alone could tell.

The world of course had reckoned her a very fortunate woman, and she being too proud to admit her mistake, sealed its verdict with a smile. But she was unspeakably thankful to have the hideous life ended, and now was ready for love. She could appreciate it much better than in her unthinking girlhood. And if this generous, tender, forgiving heart could be healed of its wounds and turn to her again, she would ask nothing more this side of heaven. Was it wrong to try for this result in a patient, gentle, womanly manner? People brought out all their energies for the other great prizes of life, and for this, most fateful of any, must they sit down and wait with folded hands?

Had she found Ralph Tremaine free and still dreaming over the old love, she could have rendered him very happy, for experience had widened her vision in many respects; but had her own married life proved satisfactory, she would scarcely have thought of him save with that half pity successful women give their discarded lovers. So after all it was the result of circumstances rather than any deeply enduring affection.

Mr. Tremaine was destined to learn her history by brief snatches that commended her strongly to his sympathy. Now and then a bit from her fond, foolish mother, and much that he guessed at as she asked his counsel in the settlement of her business. Mr. Merrivour had carried his grudging spirit even beyond the grave. A certain income was allowed his widow while she remained such, legacies were bequeathed to different relatives, and large sums to different charitable institutions of which he had been a patron. If Mrs. Merrivour married a second time, the executors were instructed to pay her the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and the remainder was to go to a nephew of the same name, still a child.

"He never would allow Edith to give away a dollar," Mrs. Lester said complainingly, "but he was anxious enough to leave behind a great name for charity. Poor Edith, she'll have a little comfort now, which she never did have with him; but her father would make her marry."

Ralph Tremaine said "poor Edith" in his heart also, and thought she would have been much happier as his wife, with the poverty and all.

The only word or sign that he had received from Dora had been the return of his first gift. Catherine Dawson had written at her dictation. Her own fortune she would keep, it would be sufficient for her in any emergency, but she felt that she had no right to a dollar of his.

Yet there was so much that she wanted to say. That she had loved him, that she still loved him with a torturing passion that throbbed in every pulse day and night, and would give her no rest. And to see him once, to know that he did not hate her bitterly for blighting his life, would give her strength and courage to walk the dreary path before her. That the deception had not been willful on her part, and her regret was deep and earnest, her sorrow sincere. Would he be merciful for one brief hour?—not to take her back, she had come to understand the utter impossibility of that, but to pity and be tender, and see how great a burthen she had to carry, cast out of the sight of his presence, with no smile to cheer.

If she had said it! If one could be brave enough for the simple truth, and not hampered with a hundred fears and petty conventionalities!

He had disregarded two appeals, so she had very little courage for a third. It seemed almost criminal to beg for love; and then, too, pride interposed. She had not cared so much for it when it had been like daily bread, and now would he not distrust the longing for crumbs and fragments? She desired to fly to him as a sure refuge, but had she not brought the storm upon herself?

So the note was made a formal business matter, another unwitting stab to the loyal heart, hungering unconfessed for some sign of longing or return.

With a heavy heart he sauntered into the street. It had grown to be quite a habit of his when his burthen seemed greater than he could bear. Always grave and with a kind of preoccupied air, his late reserve and absence had passed the more readily unnoticed. Business being dull he was not required to give that much attention.

He had not gone far when a figure on the opposite sidewalk startled him. The jaunty step and fashionable swagger, the flowing black beard and general contour stamped the man at once.

Tremaine crossed, took a few hurried steps, and at that Jasper Cameron turned, flushing suddenly, in spite of his effort at self-command.

Tremaine was perhaps the more deeply embarrassed, and for the moment silent;

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but Jasper Cameron did not so easily lose his presence of mind, and greeted the other most amicably.

"I have been wishing to see you," Tremaine began hurriedly. "At our first interview I will confess that I was stunned, deprived of my senses as it were, or I should have asked your address."

"Which I can hardly give," was the suave reply. "I am in and out of the city, and shall be for a few weeks, on some rather perplexing business, but a note might reach me," with a bright look as if the thought had just occurred.

"You have seen her?" Tremaine asked huskily.

"Yes." Brief as the answer was there was something in the tone that implied a great deal, a kind of daily privilege, perhaps, and Ralph Tremaine's heart burned with fierce indignation to think that such an exception should have been made in Cameron's favor.

"She has been ill," he went on.

"A trifle, yes," answered Cameron carelessly.

"She is staying with her uncle's old nurse, Mrs. Dawson?"

"For the present." Jasper Cameron hardly saw his way clear.

"I want to ask you as a gentleman, how wide a circulation this matter has received at your hands?"

Ralph Tremaine's voice was steady enough now.

"I have mentioned it just once, to some friends of mine and relatives of yours, as I found. It seemed to come about quite by accident."

Tremaine glanced at him sharply.

"I have some regard for her," Cameron pursued in a wounded tone. "When I found her willing to make so fair a proposal, I assented at once and held my confidence with her sacred."

"And what might that proposal be?" Tremaine asked with a quick suspicion.

"Oh, has she not informed you?" lifting his eyebrows in well acted surprise. "We decided upon a plan that I thought eminently fair, and one that I hardly supposed would meet with any objection from you. As the legal husband of Dora Verner I have some rights."

Tremaine made a sort of despairing gesture.

"I told you at our first interview that I could not give her up, for the old love was strong upon me. But I should not insist if I found her heart entirely alienated from me. I hoped, nay believed it was not so. She begged me to wait and not take any decisive step until she was quite sure of her own mind, so we have agreed to a truce of two or three months. Yet you can hardly blame me for trying to win her?"

"And this was her—wish?"

In spite of the summer heat Tremaine felt himself grow cold in every pulse.

"It is. As a man of honor I beg you not to interfere."

Jasper Cameron seemed apprehensive and very deeply in earnest.

"I shall not interfere," Tremaine answered slowly. "She shall be free, quite free to do as she likes."

"Thank you."

Tremaine turned away blindly. "Quite free," he said. "Tell her that from me."

When Jasper Cameron felt there was a safe distance between, he indulged in a little laugh.

"It's all in knowing how to handle the cards," he said softly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DORA'S JOURNEY.

That Dora could have made this agreement with his enemy, for such Jasper Cameron seemed, without consulting him in the slightest, stung Ralph Tremaine more keenly than when he had first heard it from Edith Merrivour; perhaps because he did not wholly believe it then. He felt that Cameron must exercise some strong influence over Dora to sway her so completely. If she loved him, Tremaine, or was in any doubt as to whom she owed the true allegiance of her soul, would she not have come to him at once?

He said to himself drearily now that hope was at an end. He had never possessed Dora's heart wholly, and now he held the key to all that was strange in her nature. Since she was likely to go back to the old love, should he plead for half a heart? Humble and generous as he could be in some things, here his pride was touched. If she could not return of her own accord, he would not persuade. And then she *had* deceived him. There was no explaining away this fact. She had been admitted to the inmost recesses of his soul, and in return, kept her own tightly closed with her fatal secret. How often she had playfully baffled him when he strove to penetrate it!

If Edith found him more open to sympathy on this evening, she little guessed the painful ordeal through which he had passed. And somehow he was glad to accept her nameless condolence, given with refined grace and tact that was never obtrusive.

The ladies certainly rendered Woodlea attractive and home-like. Aunt Lester took the head of the table at his request, and seeing her there brought back pleasant old pictures of boyhood. Edith gave a charm of her own to any place. The windows were always arranged with the nicest regard to light and shade, and the rooms often impressed one with the idea of a presence just missed. Not because she left a book or a handkerchief or her work, as Dora used so often; indeed, it was nothing tangible, only he would think of her immediately and watch for her to come back. Mrs. Maybin was quite satisfied. Here was a regal mistress indeed.

And so it was not strange that Edith and Mr. Tremaine should come to confidence by slow degrees. That he loved Dora he never attempted to conceal, but she knew that he was growing to feel himself wrongly used, that out of the bitter pain a spirit of resentment was born.

"You are doubly generous, Ralph," she said during one conversation. "I think there is hardly another man in the world that would judge her fault so leniently, and excuse her utter want of confidence. But suppose at the last she should decide not to take this Mr. Cameron, what then?"

Edith was venturing on a bold step, but she desired to rouse him to a new train of reasoning.

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "If she could explain the past—"

"Of course she will be able to," Edith said with a touch of contempt. "But, Ralph, I cannot tamely endure that your nobleness should have this slight put upon it. Why should she wait until the last moment, when all other resources have failed, and then ask you to forgive?"

"She may never ask me," with a sad intonation.

"I do not see how she can *now*. If she had come at first, as a woman would, who loved—"

"Yes, if she had come at first, if I could have heard the story from her, I would have espoused her cause boldly and fought through all opposition."

"Knowing you, she must have known that also. And yet there are some legal perplexities in the case," she continued thoughtfully.

"She is not my wife—I don't forget that fact when I think of her. Something more than a mere explanation is necessary to restore the old relation between us. And since she chooses to keep silence for the present, I will not invade any retreat she may prefer. I can only wait, dreary and hopeless as it may be."

"Dear Ralph, I hope you will have your reward."

He sighed but made no reply, and walking there in the silence, she comforted herself with the admission anguish had wrung from him—"She is not my wife."

Poor desolate Dora, tossing restlessly on her sick bed, if she could have heard the words!

From Jasper Cameron, when he was next admitted, she learned the particulars of his interview with Mr. Tremaine, colored according to his fancy, and also the fact of there being visitors at Woodlea. And though she could have cried out at the cruel thrust, she was calm over her great anguish until he had gone away. He should not smile at the wound.

"Catherine," she said an hour afterward, "help me to get well. Since I cannot die, it is useless to lie here forever."

The tone was not one of hope, but strong determination. Catherine was thankful for even that.

Dora seemed to make rapid improvement in health, but there was something about her sad indeed to see, a kind of hidden determination that the good woman could not fathom. Dr. Mackey rejoiced, although he saw there was some secret grief preying upon her mind.

"Persuade her to go out if you can," he said to Mrs. Dawson.

So Dora sat on the porch, or wandered around the little garden after sunset, watching Mark as he pulled some venturesome weed or trained the flowers.

Then she asked Dr. Mackey if he could procure her a carriage and a good, trusty driver, and he complied at once.

"She will soon be quite recovered," he said confidently to Mrs. Dawson.

In truth her progress did seem miraculous, but through it all Catherine's heart grew heavier. What would the future bring to this poor child?

"Catherine," she exclaimed, coming out into the little kitchen, "it is four weeks since I left Woodlea, four weeks this very morning. It seems almost a century."

"Sickness is always tiresome," was the response.

"And I had not been ill before in a long while. But if that were all—"

"Oh, bairn, you'll only excite yourself talking over the pain and trouble."

"No, Catherine, I'm not going to talk of that, though I want to ask you—to take a journey with me."

"Where?" and Catherine paused in the midst of her pudding.

"Not very far. To start this afternoon and come back in the edge of the evening, perhaps."

"You'll not be afraid?"

"Catherine, I think Jasper Cameron has some new idea, if you mean that I might be afraid of him. If I had fancied before that he really loved me, I should be doubtful now. He seems to be following out some resolve, and I cannot fathom him at all. Only one thing am I sure of—that at each interview I dislike and distrust him more than ever, and feel confident that he does not care for my love. He is leagued against me, and my other enemy is a beautiful woman."

Catherine paused in astonishment, and let the soft batter from her wooden spoon drip over the carpet.

"Miss Dora, are you losing your senses?"

"No, Catherine, but I see the plot now. I am not so blind as they think. When Mr. Tremaine was young he loved this woman. She was a connection of his and very, very handsome. I have seen her picture. She jilted him then, and married a man who was fabulously wealthy, I believe. Now she is a widow and has returned, gone to Woodlea to stay. She is there trying all her winsome arts to gain Ralph, and Mr. Cameron is leagued with her to keep me away!"

Dora's eyes were restlessly bright, and a scarlet spot shone on either cheek.

"Child, you are dreaming."

"No, I am not. Jasper Cameron told me, but he little imagined that I should guess it all."

"Do you believe that any woman would go there now of all times, to stay?" Catherine said aghast, for she really began to fear for Dora's mind.

"Oh, they are in some sort connections, and her mother is there also. He, Ralph I mean, calls her aunt, but this handsome Mrs. Merrivour isn't really his cousin. Her husband died six months or so ago abroad, and Mr. Cameron said she had just returned. Yes, that is it. They want to keep me away. Will you go, Catherine?"

She glanced at her with feverish anxiety, and her thin fingers interlaced each other.

"Can you stand the journey? And when you are there, what will you do?" the woman asked in slow amaze.

"I want to see *him*, Catherine, my own precious husband. I must tell him of this plot, and beg him to wait a little. I think there's some way out of this labyrinth."

"But suppose we sent for him to come here?"

"Oh, he wouldn't come, Catherine, you know that well. And there's nothing in my going to him," she went on sharply. "I am his wife before God, but I shall not ask him to take me back until I am quite free, and can go honorably, so you need not be afraid."

"I'm most afraid that your strength will not hold out. And if it should be different from what you think—"

"I shall go," Dora answered, resolutely, "even if it is alone. No, you cannot dissuade me."

Catherine did not try, for Dora's face wore its most determined look, but she secretly hoped there would be a shower, or that Dora would come to think differently of the matter.

All in vain, however. Dora kept strangely bright and active, arranged her hair and dress with much interest, and though there were groups of hazy clouds in the sky, there was no appearance of rain. Catherine made herself ready, reluctantly, and the carriage came for their usual drive.

Dora had well nigh disguised herself by putting Catherine's choice linen duster over her dress, and it enveloped nearly her whole figure. A thick veil hid her face from any too curious gaze, and she felt as if she might travel quite unknown. Her spirits were in a strange flutter between her highly nervous state and the wild expectancy of her mood. Indeed, she did not realize the tense strain on every nerve, or dream of what a reaction might bring. And now that she had resolved to see Mr. Tremaine, something akin to hope stirred every pulse.

On the route so many well-known objects met her eye, but she did not allow one of them to tempt her into a familiar glance. It was Catherine who bought the tickets and gave them to the conductor, shielding her in every possible manner from notice or remark.

"Let us take the back road," Dora whispered, apprehensively. "It is shady, and we shall escape this host of travellers. Besides, I do not wish to go to the hall or through the lawn."

Catherine yielded to the pressure on her arm. The scene was so quiet and lovely that Dora paused now and then involuntarily. The murmur of the river fretting its way along the rocky shores, the song of a homeward-bound bird, the faint rustle among the trees, were so many tender voices that touched her heart.

Up the shadowy road the two found their way. This took in a view of the rear, pleasant gardens, and miniature orchards hedged about with evergreens. Then clumps of hemlock and cedars growing more and more dense. Dora took long breaths of the resinous fragrance. Every step was familiar and delightful. At length they paused. Dora was panting, and her face flushed and paled alternately.

"Sit down," said Catherine. "Sit down and rest. See, you're all of a tremble."

Dora leaned her head on Catherine's knee. She had only to go up this little, well-worn path, and there would be the old picture before her eyes. Why should she shrink?

"We must go on;" she exclaimed presently, in a husky tone, turning away her face that Catherine might not see the tears—for she felt miserably weak and despairing.

Through the narrow path they threaded their way, coming to a grove of Norway firs and pines. This led to a little summer-house—not the one where the roses bloomed. They were all gone now. The earliest one gathered—where was that?

Dora crept cautiously along the winding walks until the house was well in view. A side balcony on which the library opened—and the shutters were thrown wide apart now, the window draperies serving only as a delicate foil. She took one long, eager glance, not even breathing until she felt a painful constriction of the throat.

There were three persons in the room, and she saw them all quite plainly. A rather pensive, elderly woman, toying with a fan, quite at home in the green and golden damask armchair, *her* favorite seat. Then that regal Edith Merrivour!

Dora grew icy cold as she gazed. Beauty was a tame word. She might have stepped from some painter's canvas, or come fresh from the hands of a royal sculptor, so perfect was every outline—the arrangement of the abundant hair, the beautiful poise of the head, the grace of the snowy neck, the droop of the shoulders—indeed the whole contour. The thin, black dress she wore was like gossamer, revealing the neck and arms, and just at her throat was fastened a white, half-blown rose and bud.

She sat on a tete-a-tete, with Ralph Tremaine beside her, reading. Occasionally she glanced up, her large entrancing eyes raised a moment, then lowered, the face retaining its position a trifle longer, and just within range of his. It seemed at first as if Dora must shriek with pain, so deep, so like a sword-thrust was the sight to her.

Mr. Tremaine being partly in the shadow, she could not clearly see whether time and anxiety had changed him or not. But the picture maddened her. Should she rush in and confront them, upbraid him with perfidy?

Years ago he had loved this woman. Now she shared his leisure hours, and was fast leading him to forget the higher claims of his wife. His wife! What an easy thing it would be to repudiate *her* now; the law would sustain him in it, of course. Should she leave them to drift on to a blissful fate? This beautiful syren, in whose glance and smiles he would soon forget poor little Dora!

It was not all jealous love that rent her soul. Higher than human law and public opinion was based her right to his fidelity. Though they might never call each other husband and wife again, by her love and suffering, by the future in store for her, and one link stronger even than earthly mandate, if his was the brave and noble soul that she had always believed it, he *must* be true. In any drear extremity this would be an anchor to which she could cling. Somehow, at this moment she felt her right to him so strongly—this fateful moment when he seemed wavering in his allegiance.

The reading was ended. The little group paused to talk, each one adding a sentence. The lady in the chair smiled in a kind of satisfied motherly fashion, as she glanced at the others, and waived her fan languidly. Was she thinking of the time when her beautiful daughter should reign mistress here, when that grave, thoughtful man should be her son indeed?

Unconsciously Dora was not far from right. Mrs. Lester *was* dreaming over the past. If Edith's father had not interfered, and she had married Ralph, how pleasantly they might all be living in this old house. Ralph had prospered wonderfully, and Edith's husband, after being a most uncomfortable man to live with, had hampered her by his death as much and more than was decent for a man of his means. Poor Edith had never been happy. And then how strange that this story should come out about Ralph's wife just after Edith was left a widow! There might be a peculiar providence in it all, and Mrs. Lester gave thanks inwardly that Mr. Merrivour was dead, and they were here with dear Ralph, the best and tenderest-hearted fellow in the world. As for Mrs. Tremaine, she had proved herself a deceitful, intriguing girl, of no principle whatever, and had treated Ralph shamefully, so she was hardly worth a thought.

Poor outcast! This woman's complacency seemed to stir every drop of angry blood in her veins, as if by some occult spirit of divination. Then she turned to the other two. Chatting and smiling, every new poise of her head, and every movement even to the change of her hand were full of fascination. Dora watched like one in a spell, hating more bitterly with each passing moment.

They both rose and sauntered out on the balcony. Mr. Tremaine held the curtain that it might not touch her shining hair, then he stooped to detach her dress, and she gave him that beguiling smile again. His face softened as he spoke, and Dora's jealous vision distorted it into an answering smile of tenderness. Should she cry out with her misery and despair?

A hand grasped her arm. Catherine had crept up and witnessed the scene—between lovers it might have been.

"Come away, child," she exclaimed, hoarsely. "This is no place for you!"

"He is mine, Catherine, my husband! He has no right to love her!"

"She's a handsome, dangerous woman! Why did he ever ask her to come? Are men so blind and so sure of their own strength, that they must needs run into every temptation? Come away! It'll kill you!"

"Not till I see him! Catherine, what shall I do? Will you go up to the side-door and ask for him, give him a message from me? For I feel that I should faint away dead at his feet if I went—and I couldn't bear *her* scornful eyes!"

"Child, you are crazy! Let us go back home."

"No, Catherine;" and there was a cold, clear, resolution in her tones. "I *must* see him, even if I die here. Help me down the path a little—there's a thick clump of evergreens, and *she* will not think of searching there with her dainty, filmy dress. Then go ask him to come."

Catherine obeyed like one dazed. Dora did not seem to need much help, and almost dragged her attendant to the spot she designated. Two or three tall maples towered above the surrounding shrubbery, and in the little nook it was already twilight, tinted with a few stray golden gleams.

"Now go. Don't let anyone else hear the message. Follow the walk to the left and it will lead you to the side-door. Quick!" And Dora stamped her foot. "Do *you* mean to kill me?"

Catherine turned to do her bidding. Dora shook in every limb as if with an ague, was icy cold one instant and at a fever-heat the next. How long they waited! Must she die here all alone—for it seemed as if she were really going out of life. So young, and a month ago so happy—now so very, very miserable. For what if Ralph Tremaine no longer loved her!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Union Pacific Railroad.

The charges recently made against the management of this road, may be found briefly summed up in the following from the New York Atlas:—

"The Union Pacific Railroad Company is composed of about twenty individuals, some of them members of Congress, and others their relatives or friends, who originally contributed in the aggregate the sum of four hundred thousand dollars. All the rest of the money expended in the enterprise has been derived from the national treasury and the sale of bonds. This score of speculators have organized into a body called the *Credit Mobilier*, and awarded to themselves or their agents the contracts for building the road, at prices which it is nicely calculated will swallow up all the funds and yield a profit of millions of dollars. Withal, the road is badly built of poor materials and with ruinous grades, and will have to be entirely reconstructed inside of ten years. We have had glowing predictions of the results of the completion of the Pacific Railroad, but we are now in a position to see what the reality will be. The company having absorbed all the money obtained from the government and the bondholders, in construction, will proceed to run the road on the same principle, making up the difference between the income and the outgo, which must be very large for many years, by the sale of the lands to themselves and their friends at nominal prices. When these are all gone the original Pacific Railroad Company will retire, each member having bagged two or three millions at least, and surrender what is left of the track to the mortgage bond-holders, who, in turn, will call upon Uncle Sam to take the elephant off their hands. Then will come the expenditure of millions more to rebuild the road, and in all probability the operation of it as a government work, with the inseparable extravagance and corruption. When that time comes we shall have to put a railroad man in the Presidental chair, because the Pacific Railroad will absorb all the revenues and occupy most of the attention of the Government."

The Proper Size of a Lady's Foot.

Boots, ladies' boots, are the subject of a letter from Mr. Buomi to the London Builder—a strange medium for such a topic, by the way. He has been measuring the foot of the Venus de Medici, or rather (it amounts to the same thing) or an accurate cast of the statue. The erect height of the figure is, as is well-known, five feet two inches, and he finds the length of the foot to be exactly nine inches, or as nearly as possible one-seventh of the height. The breadth of the widest part of the sole is three and three-eighths inches, a fraction over one-eighteenth of the figure's stature. From these data, and a knowledge of her height, every lady can determine what should be the size of her boots; she may exceed the dimensions given in the formula if she sees fit, but woe to her health, and, according to Mr. Buomi, good-bye to the symmetry of her pedals, if she tries to squeeze them into anything less. But does the Venus, or any other idealization, represent every case of the humanity it typifies? If, as is certainly the case, some feminine extremities exceed the sculptor's proportions, others as certainly fall within them; and it is hardly likely that the possessors of these will wear boots too big for them, merely for the sake of conforming to a fancy standard.

☞ Those Western editors have enlarged ideas of language, as of most other things. The Pueblo Chieftain, published away out on the Arkansas, rejoices in the arrival of a "tooth carpenter" in that delectable village. An Eastern dentist would have to think twice before he would recognize himself under that designation.

☞ By putting a little borax into cold water, it will be found that flannels will not only come out better cleansed, but there will be absolutely no shrinkage.

☞ In taking up the body of a little girl, for removal, at Elmira, N. Y., the other day, it was found to be in a perfect state of petrifaction, looking as though carved from white marble.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The ragged schools of England are under the superintendence of young ladies, whose influence over the rough natures of the scholars is said to be unbounded. Lord Shaftesbury, in a recent address, stated that he had visited a ragged school in one of the worst parts of London, and in one room found thirty-five men listening to the teachings of a very handsome young woman, the daughter of a shop-keeper in the neighborhood. Lord Shaftesbury, expressing surprise that the teacher had no one to protect her from the anticipated insults of these rough men, the superintendent replied that she was not afraid of their doing her any harm, since they loved her so much that they would almost kiss the ground on which she walks; but, added Lord Shaftesbury, "I am afraid some person may step in, and, not being under authority, or knowing the manners of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and if he did, he would not leave the place alive."

We think that the above indicates a mode, and many modes, of doing good, which benevolent ladies with plenty of time on their hands, and spelling for a "mission," should not hesitate to improve.

It is the unlikeness of woman to man that gives the young lady in the above case her influence over her school—no young man of equal ability would have one-fourth as much. And it is the difference of sphere, working in accordance with the natural difference of constitution, and thus promoting, deepening, and developing it, to which the unlikeness is owing.

☞ A "Subscriber," inquires in relation to the "Washington Library Co." and "The Riverside Institute"—and wishes to know "whether it was a humbug?" Our decided impression is that it was. "Subscriber" seems to have been a good while in waking up—but he evidently has his wits about him now. He writes from "Keene," N. H., which seems to show that people may live at Keene, and yet not be keen people.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

How to Treat the Sick Without Medicine. By James C. Jackson, M. D., Physician-in-Chief of Our Home on the Hill-Side, Dansville, Livingston County, New York. We owe an apology to the publishers for our delay in noticing this volume, but we put it aside for a more convenient season, and the result was it was overlooked.

We think highly of the attempt of Dr. Jackson and his coadjutors to cure the sick without the use of drugs, and simply by the aid of those great remedial agents, rest, exercise, pure air and water, and suitable food. While we have not yet been convinced of the utter uselessness, not to say hurtfulness of all drugs, we are decidedly of the opinion that the administering of drugs has been very much abused, and that in probably a majority of the cases in which they are given, the patient would be better off without them. But to cure a disease without drugs generally requires time and rest and patience—three things which a great many of us have not. If we eat something that does not agree with us, it is generally easier to take a little brandy, or peppermint, or laudanum, or (if we are homœopathists) pulsatilla, or ipecacuanha, than to lie still, fast, and wait on nature. Our business has to be attended to, it will suffer from our absence, and therefore we resort to stimulants and drugs—and often, so far as we can see, with very excellent effect—though we have a kind of uncertain faith that it would perhaps be rather better for us if we could get well without them.

The establishment on the Hillside at Dansville, appears from the engraving to be a desirable place—and thousands believe that they have been restored to health under Dr. Jackson's supervision, and by the simple agencies that are there employed. Let us try all things, and hold fast to that which we find to be good—and in proportion as we find it good, leaving the balance of error to pass away and be forgotten. In conclusion we commend Dr. Jackson's volume to the attention of all who are interested in the treatment of the sick. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Dansville, and Oakley & Mason, 21 Murray street, New York.

Sermons. By Charles Wadsworth, Minister of Calvary Church, San Francisco. Published by A. Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philada.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg. By William W. Thomas, Jr., late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

The Bible Hand-book: An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture. By Joseph Angus, D. D. With Revisions, Notes, and an index of Scripture Texts, by Rev. F. S. Hoyt, A. M. Published by James S. Claxton, Philada.

The Old Guard. A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Political Principles of 1776 and 1860. April number. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., 162 Nassau st., New York.

Impure Water.

Few of us are aware of the deletrious effects of impure water, or how prone water is to imbibe the impurities of the air. Many of us think if the water is clear and cold it must be perfectly pure, though it has stood in a close bedroom twenty-four hours; but this is far from true. If a pitcher of water is set in a room, for only a few hours, it will absorb nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water *utterly* filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperatures a pail of water can contain a great amount of ammonia and carbonic acid gas; and its capacity to absorb these gases is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. This plainly shows us that water kept in a room over night is totally unfit for drinking purposes, and should not be used to gargle in the throat; also that a large pail of water standing in a room would help to purify the atmosphere, but should be thrown away the next morning. It also teaches us the reason that the water from a pump should always be pumped out in the morning before any of it is used. We are lamentably ignorant of many of the properties of air and water, two of the most important elements of our nature.

Geology and the Creation.

Mr. J. Scott Moore, an Irish geologist, has just published a volume entitled "Pre-Glacial Man; or, Geological Chronology." He regards each Mosaic "day" as an extended cycle of time, and believes that the Lower Miocene epoch commenced about 1,000,000 years ago, and the Upper Miocene about 825,000 years ago. The Upper Miocene blended with the Pliocene about 675,000, and the Pliocene with the Post-Pliocene about 350,000 years ago. The Post-Pliocene *glacial epoch* gradually crept on about 350,000 years since, and lasted for 270,000 or 280,000 years. The recent period of geology succeeded about 50,000 years ago, and the current period, 6,001 years back, viz., at the time of the creation of Adam. He concludes that *pre*-glacial man existed on the earth more than 350,000 years ago, and that the *post*-glacial or present man has existed *only* 70,000 to 80,000 years.

☞ During the past thirty-seven years we have spent twenty thousand lives and $750,000,000 in fighting the Indians, and still they hold their own. All the settlements of New Mexico may be said to exist only on sufferance of the Indians. The miners of Arizona have been obliged to leave in large numbers, unable to hold their own against the Apaches. A hunter in that territory says that eighty of his personal acquaintances have been killed by the savages in the last four years.

☞ Victor Emmanuel has ninety-seven palaces; the Emperor of Russia has sixty-two; the King of Prussia, seventy-four; Napoleon, eleven official ones, and ninety-three which he might occupy as chief of the State. Francis Joseph of Austria has upwards of one hundred. Isabella of Spain had fifty-two—and she has now only one, which formerly was a private boarding-house.

Over Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GHENT.

I don't think I ever told you about our expedition to Ghent, or Gand as the French call it. I have looked in my diary, and I find it took place April 4th, 1868. That diminutive volume contains the following laconic record opposite that date: "Ghent—Flower Show—*Pate* Shop—Cathedral—Weariness."

(Apropos. I never did see the use of writing one's heart out minutely in a diary, with the stereotyped request on the first blank page, "To be burned *unread* in case of my death." In my experience that unfortunate page is generally sacrificed as a burnt offering to conscience, and the rest of the leaves thrown open to the public. Anybody who wants to read my diary, either now or hereafter, is welcome to do so, since one of the most romantic evenings of my life is designated by the sentimental alliteration of "Catfish and Coffee," and another disgustingly appellated Boots.)

So I suppose the little record opposite April 4th doesn't convey very much meaning to you, but to me it brings back one of the maniest days in my life. We started from Brussels about ten o'clock—*ten* means a party of boarding-school girls sailing in the wake of our magnificent preceptress, Madame J———. I asked some one, "How many miles is it to Ghent?" The answer came in a polite stare, and the words, "I'm sure I don't know, but it's two hours from here." That's just it. In Europe no one has the faintest idea of *distance*. London is twelve hours from Paris, and New York ten days from Liverpool, and Australia two months from Southampton, and your friend lives three minutes away.

I don't know whether spring always comes so early to Belgium, but it did last year, and peevish April transformed herself into sunny May. Along the route we saw flat, green, smiling fields, with the usual allowance of about three windmills to each mile, "waving their long arms to and fro," spectrally—and in one place leagues of linen bleaching in the sun.

Arrived at Ghent we had a long, hot walk to the Flower Show, which was the primary purpose of our expedition. Taking it leisurely, we have plenty of time to remark that the streets are narrow, dirty and odorous, the houses quaint and high, with fanny pointed roofs, running up on each side like steps. It was here that I heard of an ancient and touching custom—touching because of the very ignorance and blind faith implied. For centuries every scaffolding in Belgium has had a cross hung just beneath it, so that in case of accident, a workman falling to the ground and dying before a priest can reach him, dies underneath the shadow of the cross, and is, so to speak, shrived and forgiven.

The Flower Show itself, though vast and exquisite and perfumed, was not peculiar, and the banks of lilies and azalias might have blossomed as well, my American bravado says, a little better under home skies. The friars, wandering hither and thither, with bare feet, and rimmed heads, and heavy faces, and outlandish mantles, did look sufficiently Ghentish, however, to please even me. Our curiosity gratified, we thridded our way back along the narrow streets, past tiny branches of the Lys and Scheldt, which wind coquettishly, with quaint effects, all through the city—to a *pate* shop, where we crammed ourselves, with that capacity for sweets which is the normal condition of every school girl, be she infantine or aged.

Now a *pate* shop is such a thoroughly French institution, that I must give it the benefit of a private description. It is not necessarily large, is generally, on the contrary, rather small, but beautifully spotless and bright. The usual number of *comfitures* appear in the window, the usual number of jars on the shelves that one sees in an ordinary confectioner's. But the grand staple of the place is *pates*. These may be a peculiar sort of apple or raspberry tart, tipsy cake, or a kind of macaroon, acrid great-grandmother of those we get in America.

The favorite, however, that which is devoured alike by grandfathers and grandmothers down to their year old descendants, is a thin round crust, covered about an inch thick with *creme*, the ingredients of which I believe to be simply the white of eggs and sugar. The first week I found these cakes delicious, the second rather satiating, the third appalling, and the fourth disgusting; but a French palate never wearies of them. I have seen a party of a dozen enter a shop and eat indiscriminately, while the waitress goes about her business, which may carry her into the next room. When all present a look of general satisfaction, the mathematician of the party begins to add up.

"How many *pates* did you eat?"—"Three." "And you?" "Four." "Four and three are seven, and you?" "Five." "Five and seven are twelve, and you?" "Six." "Oh, I wouldn't be a greedy!" and so on. After which the waiting woman is paid, with a calm trust in our honesty, which is refreshing to witness.

It is sad to be obliged to confess a *pate* shop before St. Baron, but so it was. That cathedral has been immortalized by Adelaide Proctor in her story of St. Baron. It is not a very tall or imposing structure, or else its grandeur is concealed by an unfortunate site, but it is very quaint and old. There are twenty-four side chapels in it, each containing stiff old Flemish pictures more famous than beautiful. The crypt is ancient and dismal, and in one corner of it is buried Hubert Van Eyck, and his sister, also a painter.

Ghent, chiefly remarkable for the prowess of one of its noblest families, the Van Arteveldes, is full of places commemorative of their bravery. Owing to our limited time, however, we saw but few of them, but returned to Brussels in the evening train, fatigued and happy to the last degree.

HATTIE.

☞ Miss Lizzie Boynton, of Crawfordville, Ind., having lectured on the subject, "After Suffrage, what?" received answer the other day in the shape of an old pair of trowsers, a jacket, and a dull razor.

☞ In Rochester, Minn., oats are worth fifty cents per bushel, and many farmers are selling wheat at eighty cents to buy oats at fifty.

☞ The floor of the Episcopal Church in Thomaston, Me., gave way on Sunday night, and one hundred and fifty persons were precipitated into the basement. A number were injured, two of them seriously.

☞ Lieutenant Warren has found that the temple at Jerusalem was much smaller than supposed, and that Josephus was not so far out of the way as some of the critics have asserted.

GOING TO SLEEP.

Come hither my baby, my darling,
My lily, my wonderful rose!
The white-bosomed flowers in the garden
Begin their soft petals to close;
The bees have gone home from the clover,
The swallows are under the eaves,
And down in the orchard the robin
Broods over her nest in the leaves.

Come baby, my beauty, my darling!
Your eyes are heavy with sleep;
Your little red mouth has grown silent,
And scarcely its laughter can keep;
Lay off the white robes from your shoulders,
Unclasp the small shoes from your feet—
Oh, daintiest blossom of Eden,
I kiss you, my lily, my sweet!

Do you feel the cool wind coming softly,
And see the young moon in the sky?
The clouds sailing over the sunset,
The bats flitting silently by?
Do you hear how the cattle are lowing
Along the green lane by the hill?
And the brook running over the pebbles
With music that never is still?

Now hush while I sing to you, baby,
A song of the angels above,
That come on invisible pinions
To watch o'er the children they love.
So all through your beautiful dreaming
The voice of your mother shall creep,
Lest, hearing the harpings celestial,
Your soul should fly homeward in sleep!

A Desperate Widow.

California, which has the reputation of making many widows, also produces them of the most dangerous sort. A few weeks ago, a lovely and lorn woman so worked upon the affections of a youth of half her age, that an elopement was planned and carried out. The friends of the young man pursued, and finding the retreat of the fond pair, prevailed upon him to desert his charmer. They carried him safely on board the steamer, but just as the bell rang for starting, a carriage came driving down the wharf at furious speed, the widow sprang out, ran up the gang-plank, singled her truant out from the crowd, and, dragging him on shore, thrust him into the carriage and drove away. The unfortunate youth has not since been seen.

The snow sheds of the Central Pacific Railroad extend for a continuous distance of twenty-two miles, with a breadth of sixteen feet, and a height of sixteen feet, not including the pitch of the roof. The sides are inclosed, and the sheds resemble a long tunnel, lighted at the sides through the interstices between the boards. The building is braced together in a substantial manner, and is bolted to the rocks wherever the road approaches the edges of cliffs. Where snow slides are to be feared, the roof is extended to the wall of rocks, so that the falling masses shall be deposited on the other side, down in the ravine. Where sidelings have been laid, the shed is wider than sixteen feet. The entire buildings cover an area of more than 1,858,350 square feet, or forty-three acres. Over 40,000,000 running feet of lumber have been used in building these sheds.

☞ The Connecticut election was carried by the Republicans—they electing their Governor by about 900 majority, and gaining two members of Congress.

☞ Rhode Island was carried by the Republicans, by the usual heavy majority.

☞ By direction of the President, a message was sent by cable, on Wednesday, to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, requesting him to tender his resignation.

☞ In the U. S. Senate, on the 9th, the House bill providing for elections in Mississippi, Virginia and Texas was passed, with amendments requiring that those states shall ratify the Suffrage amendment, and striking out the section authorizing the commanding general to suspend oppressive laws. It is doubted by many that ratifications obtained under compulsion really have any binding force whatever.

☞ Twitchell, convicted of murder, in this city, committed suicide the night previous to that fixed for his execution. The poison had probably been in his possession for some time. Gerald Eaton was executed on the 8th inst.

☞ A London advertisement, in rather bad taste, announces that "Ned Wright, the converted burglar, will preach at Wandsworth Assembly Room, and break open the doors of hell with a gospel jimmy."

☞ An Iowa merchant has puzzled the young lady graduates of a seminary there, by offering each a calico dress, on condition that it shall be worn on commencement day.

☞ A penalty of $2,500 a day is imposed upon any one interested in Government contracts, who sits in the British House of Commons. This might be tried with advantage on Congress.

☞ March shook hands with April in a very angry mood. The theory that if the month comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb, has proved signally false, as both ends this time were lions.

☞ Information, alike reliable and disagreeable, assures us that the cattle disease is extensively prevalent in Eastern Europe. Moldavia, Wallachia and Transylvania are not only greatly infected, but also Poland, Gallicia and Hungary. Its existence in Spain is also reported, and small pox is said to have broken out among the sheep of Holland. A visitation of the cattle disease is feared in this country, and veterinary schools are recommended in every state.

☞ There is a blithesome maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes are black as midnight, and handsome as can be; her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose; and then, this love of mine, too, has got a Roman nose! I asked her if she'd have me, (that was the other night,) and this was her reply, friends: "Why, Jimmy, you are tight!" Says I, "I know I have, love, aboard a little wine, but that is not the question—will you, or not, be mine?" And then she put her face, friends, as near mine as she could, and with the sweetest smile, friends, said simply that she would—escort me to the door if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.

☞ The principal avenue in New York is supposed to be a corruption or contraction of "Broad is the way."

☞ At a recent revival at Ames, Iowa, a lady over 100 years of age made a profession of religion and joined church.

☞ It is said that card-playing has been nearly abandoned by the Paris clubs, and dominoes have been substituted.

Profits on Pianos.

A correspondent of the New York Sun says:—

"I have been foreman of one of our first-class piano manufactories, for fifteen years, and I know the cost of every piano made. Instruments sold for six hundred and fifty dollars, cost but two hundred and ten dollars; and those sold for one thousand six hundred dollars, which are handsomely carved grands, cost but four hundred and seventy-five dollars. You see what enormous profits are made on them. Pianos range from five hundred to two thousand dollars, and some styles with an extra moulding, which costs but five dollars, they ask fifty dollars more for. They argue that it looks one hundred dollars better. Suppose it does—that is no reason why they should ask fifty dollars more for the instrument."

☞ Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey, has taken his stand on the hair-dressing question, having given notice that at confirmation he will refuse to lay his hands upon the piles of false hair and chignons which disfigure the heads of so many young ladies seeking admission to the church and communion. The laying on of sacred hands at the altar upon so much rubbish gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and fixed up at the wiggist's, is deemed an offence against decency and the gospel.

☞ It may interest some to know that Miss Mary Louise Warner, aged fourteen, is the most popular barber in Lansing, Michigan. She runs her own shop.

☞ The fitness of women for office will no longer be questioned. A postmistress in Pennsylvania has been caught robbing the mails.

Jennes Whitcomb's Remedy cures Asthma.

☞ The Prison Door.—A new shade and costume in Paris is called "prison door." It is very brown claret, and is always trimmed with black. The costume is tight to the figure, as prison doors usually are, and there are buttons of garnets all down the crossent trimming; these buttons are suggestive of heads of nails, and altogether the wearer looks ponderous under a fluted diadem of the same, with a pale flower drooping on one side as if no sunshine had warmed it.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings or Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

☞ It is an almost universal belief, that an inability to swallow water, or a horror of the attempt to do so, with the consciousness of an inability to do it, is a proof of hydrophobia; but the actual fact is that dogs who suffer from real hydrophobia do not have a fear of water more than once in a hundred cases. Blaine observed it but once in several hundred cases, and Youatt only once or twice during his whole life.

If your Druggist Don't Have it, send $5 to Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham square, N. Y. and you will get a pint of Pain Paint, or 6 pints of Annihilator, free of express charges. ap10-2t

☞ The velocipede, it is now said, produces hernia; and young men and boys are cautioned not to exert themselves imprudently upon the new vehicle in trials of speed.

Hunt's Court Toilet Powder is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep25-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is very little demand. Sales 3000 bbls at $5.15@5.75 for superfine; $6@6.50 for extra; $6.50@7.25 for Northwest extra family; $7@8.50 for Penna extra family; $8@9.50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $10@12 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. Sales comprise about 20,000 bus of red at $1.55@1.63; 5000 do of amber at $1.70@1.75; 8000 do of white at $1.80@82, and 4000 do of California at $1.75@1.80 ₱ bus, mostly at the former rate. Corn—60,000 bus sold at 87@90c, and Western mixed at 85@86c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Market quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $32@32.50. Green Meats—Sales of 800 tcs pickled Hams at 17@17½c, and 100,000 lbs of Shoulders at 12@13½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 19@19½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@28c, and prime roll 40@48c. Eggs sell at 29@32c ₱ doz.

COTTON—About 700 bales of Middlings sold at 28@28½ for Uplands, and 29@29½c for New Orleans.

BARK—100 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $52 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 45@47c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $3@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit; sales of 20,000 lbs of Tennessee Apples at 11@12½c, and North Carolina at 14@16c ₱ lb, and Peaches at 17½@18½c for halves, 12@13½c for quarters, and 10@30c ₱ lb for pared.

HAY—Sales at prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1.40@1.50; mixed do $1.35@1.39; inferior do $1.15@1.30, and Straw $1.50@1.60.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 7@18c, according to quality.

SEEDS—1200 bus Cloverseed sold at $9.25@10, according to quality. Flaxseed is selling at $2.60@2.68 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 6@9½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14.00 to 15.75 ₱ 100 lbs.

Do Not Trifle with Danger.

A single spark may kindle a flame that will consume a city, and small ailments neglected, may end in fatal disorders. Bearing this fact in mind, let the first symptoms of debility or nervous prostration be met promptly with invigorating treatment. Foremost among the vegetable tonics of the age stands HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and whenever the vital powers seem to languish, or there is any reason to suspect that the animal functions essential to the sustenation and purification of the body are imperfectly performed, this invaluable invigorant and antiseptic should at once be resorted to. Indigestion always produces weakness of the bodily powers. Sometimes it happens that the appetite demands more food than the stomach can digest; though not more, perhaps, than is required to keep up the full strength of the frame. The object, under such circumstances, is to increase the digestive capacity of the assimilating organ, so as to make it equal to the duty imposed upon it by the appetite, and capable of supplying the *building material of the system* as fast as it is required. This object is fully accomplished by the use of the Bitters. They tone and gently stimulate the cellular membrane which secretes the gastric juice, and the result is that the solvent is mingled with the food in sufficient quantity to convert all its nourishing particles into pure and wholesome element. If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of appetite, without any corresponding deficiency of digestive power, the effect of the tonic is to stimulate a desire for food. In nineteen cases out of twenty, headache, nausea, nervousness, fainting-fits, spasms, and, indeed, most of the casual aches and pains to which humanity is subject, proceed primarily from indigestion complicated with biliousness; and for both these complaints HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are recommended as a speedy and certain remedy.
ap2-4t

☞ A ridiculous scene occurred at the State Poultry Exhibition in New York. Horace Greeley attempted to deliver an address, but the cocks crowed, ducks quacked, geese hissed, dogs howled, and mules brayed, to such an extent that after trying for half an hour to make himself heard; Mr. Greeley surrendered, declaring "Poultry a nuisance, anyhow." Everybody present was convulsed with laughter, and the venerable editor of the Tribune retired in anger and disgust.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—When all else has failed, the physician falls back upon Holloway's Pills and Ointment. Now why do ye not all begin where the physician leaves off?

☞ The women voted at a recent election in Vineland, N. J., (though their votes were not counted,) and while one of them was at the polls, it is said her husband was at home doing the family ironing.

Interesting to Ladies.

My Grover & Baker Machine has been *over ten years* in steady family use, and has never needed anything in the way of repairs; and it seems likely to answer as well for the next ten years.

R. Roode, Lexington, Ky.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of March, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. Harry A. Webb to Miss Clara T. Hansbury, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Wm. R. Wood, Mr. Samuel S. Hendrshimer to Miss Eliza A. Burdett, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., 1868, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Charles W. Tompkins to Miss Mary A. Howard, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. F. E. Church, Mr. John Coffman to Miss Catharine H. Searfoss, of this city.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. Chas. E. Murray, W. F. Hathaway, M. D., to Miss Lizzie Stansbury, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Stevenson, Mr. J. Henry Holcomb to Miss Hannah Frank, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Mr. John P. Roberts, in his 80th year.

On the 6th instant, Charles Hatcher, in his 40th year.

On the 5th instant, John Creighton, in his 67th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. John A. Corbin, in his 73d year.

On the 5th instant, Thomas P. Brandt, aged 42 years.

On the 4th instant, Catharine, wife of John Baker, in her 43d year.

On the 4th instant, Dr. George W. Chambers, in his 72d year.

On the 4th instant, Rebecca Crawford, aged 79 years.

On the 3d instant, Alexander Peterson, in his 74th year.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

SECRETS

OF THE

GREAT CITY,

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

It contains 35 fine engravings; and is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and cheapest work of the kind published.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success. One in Marlborough, Mass., reports 25 subscribers in a day. One in Luzerne Co., Pa., 44 in a day. One in Meriden, Conn., 68 in two days, and a great many others from 100 to 200 per week.

Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work.

Address JONES BROTHERS & CO.,
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£150,000,000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Wills searched for. All Letters must be pre-paid. GUN & CO.,
fe13-3m Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency,
No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

THE CHORUS WREATH.—A collection of sacred and secular choruses from oratorios, operas, and popular glees and chorus books, designed as a standard book for choirs, musical societies, conventions and schools, and containing the most desirable pieces for private practice and public performance. This new compilation will prove highly acceptable to choirs, musical societies and conventions that require in a compact and convenient form, the very best vocal compositions for private practice or public performance. Aside from the fact of getting rid of the great inconvenience of being obliged to turn to a large number of volumes, the low price at which the best and most popular pieces of half a dozen or more costly books are here furnished, will recommend the Chorus Wreath to the musical public, as a valuable work within the reach of every one. Price $1.50. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

VALDEMAR, THE HAPPY.

Favored in love and first in war
Ever had been King Valdemar.

Bards had written heroic lays,
Minstrels had sung in Valdemar's praise.

Mothers had taught their babes his name,
Maidens had dreamed it; this is fame.

Beautiful eyes grew soft and meek
When Valdemar opened his mouth to speak.

Warriors grim obeyed his word;
Nobles were proud to call him lord.

"Favored in love and famed in war.
Happy must be King Valdemar!"

So, as he swept along in state,
Muttered the crone at the palace gate.

Laughing, to clasp in her withered palms
The merry monarch's golden alms.

Home at evening, for rest is sweet,
Tottered the beggar's weary feet;

Home at evening, from chase and ring,
Buoyant and brave, came court and king.

Flickered the lamp in the cottage room,
Flickered the lamp in the castle's gloom.

One went forth at the break of day,
Asking alms on the king's highway.

One lay still at the break of day—
A king uncrowned—a heap of clay.

For swiftly, suddenly, in the night,
A wind of death put out the light!

And never again might Valdemar
Strike lute for love or lance for war.

Silent, as if on holy ground,
The weeping courtiers thronged around.

Tenderly, as his mother might,
They turned the face to the morning light.

Loose his garments at throat and wrist,
Swiftly his silken sash untwist.

Under the linen soft and white,
What surprises their aching sight?

Fretting against the patient breast,
Find they a penitent sackcloth vest.

Seamed and furrowed and stained and scarred,
Sadly the flesh of the king is marred.

Never had monk under serge and rope,
Never had priest under alb and cope,

Hidden away with closer art
The passion and pain of a weary heart,

Than had he whose secret torture lay
Openly shown in the light of day.

At the lips all pale, and the close-shut eyes,
Long they gazed, in mute surprise—

Eyes once lit with the fire of youth,
Lips that had spoken words of truth.

From each to each there floated a sigh,
"Had this man reason? then what am I!"

O friend! think not that stately step,
That lifted brow, or that smiling lip,

That sweep of velvet or fall of lace,
Or robes that cling with regal grace,

Are signs that tell of a soul at rest;
Peace seldom hides in a Valdemar's breast.

She shrinks away from the palace glare
To the peasant's hut and the mountain air,

And kisses the crone at the palace gate,
While the poor, proud king is desolate.

The Chinese in California.

Travelling over the mountain trails almost anywhere in California, no matter how remote and solitary may be your route, you can scarcely fail to meet a curious figure,—sloping-eyed, yellow-complexioned, with a shaved head, and pigtail carefully secured in a twisted knot behind; clad in a loose cloth or calico garment, half shirt, half jacket; trowsers equally wide; a long bamboo pole over his shoulder, on either end of which, carefully balanced, are a sack of rice, a piece of pork, and a heterogeneous mass of mining tools; and, over all, the head of this strange individual is covered with a hat made of slips of bamboo, the brim of which equals in breath a moderately sized umbrella. This is John Chinaman from home, finding his fortune. He always answers to the name of "John." He follows many ways of making his modicum of rice; and the representative of Chinese industry in this case is "Mining John." The white miners only allow him to labor at the poorer diggings, or at others which have been so well wrought over, as no longer to yield returns enough to satisfy their ideas as to wages. Accordingly, we find John at work in some remote locality which the stronger race has deserted, or which is too poor to tempt them to drive out the Chinese. In former times, this was frequently done; and in the old California newspapers reports of such outrages, or of meetings at which resolutions to do so were passed, are quite common. Some years ago I had occasion to pass a few days with some Chinese miners in the mountains. They numbered some twenty men, and occupied the deserted cabins of the miners who had formerly wrought in the locality. Every morning they would go down to the river side, and labor, steadily washing the gravel for gold until mid-day, when their slight meal of rice and vegetables was partaken of. At six o'clock, or thereabout, they stopped work for the day; and after carefully washing themselves in the river, they prepared supper. I was the only white there, and had made an arrangement with them about my meals. Accordingly my supper was first prepared, an office which I generally superintended, as they had, according to my observation, a nasty habit of incorporating rattlesnakes, frogs, slugs, and "such small deer," in their stews. After supper they would look to their little patches of watermelons, cabbages, &c.; and their head man would talk to me about his daily life, or the province he had come from, and to which he hoped before long to return. The greater portion of them, however, after they had weighed out the proceeds of the day's labor and allotted each man his share by the aid of a suan-pan (a sort of miniature Babbage's calculating machine) would place themselves on their sleeping benches, put a little tray before them on which were all the materials for smoking, and soon drug themselves into a dreaming stupidity with the fumes of opium.

Their huts were situated amid the most beautiful scenery, by the banks of a fine river, over which cataracts from the snow-capped mountains in the distance fell gurgling or roaring into the waters below. But for all this, on which I never tired of gazing, my hosts seemed to care little. They had no visitors, save an Indian on horseback now and then, who treated them very cavalierly and rarely dismounted. On Sundays they generally laid over from work, not from any religious motive, as they were Buddhists, but merely as a day of rest; and sometimes, if they had been more than ordinarily successful, one of them would go to the town or trading port, distant some ten miles, and buy some provisions and a bottle of a beverage called (I quote the label) "fine old Tom," over which they made very merry for a few hours, playing a rude description of musical instrument sounding like a paralytic drum. They made, however, poor pay, generally not more than three or four shillings per diem each; though now and then they would come on a lucky pocket, and return in the evening grinning from ear to ear. The ground was, however, getting exhausted, and they were then talking of putting their household gods on the bamboo pole, and of removing to some more favored locality which they had heard of. Go down into almost any town or village, and you will find John moving about with that same silent air of his. Here he generally follows the business of a laundryman. All through the by-streets and suburbs you can see his little cabin with a sign-board informing that here lives—"Whang Ho. Washing and Ironing. Buttons sewed on;" and, peeping through the window, you see the proprietor busily at work clear starching, or ironing out the frills on the shirt bosom of probably the governor himself. He has a large pan full of lighted charcoal, which he uses as a "flat-iron," and his mouth is full of water, which he most adroitly sprinkles over the linen in a fine shower. If you have any foul clothes, he will follow you home, take them away, and return them again in a day or two, charging about sixpence apiece for his trouble—bargaining, however, that he has not to find linen collars for paper ones which may have been dropped in. From the frequent warnings of washing John on this subject, I suspect that it is a custom of the colonial gentlemen by which our friend has suffered in time past.

In the suburbs of every town agricultural John is busy at work, clearing the most unlikely pieces of ground, for the purpose of raising vegetables for the town market. These farmers, or rather market-gardeners, are generally in companies of three or four; and if you pass that way, you can generally find one or other of the bucolic partnership driving the old cart and still older horse either from or to market; if the latter is the case, it is usually filled with several casks of garbage, &c., which the industrious proprietor has bought or begged from the hotel-keepers for feeding his pigs with.

Shopkeeping John is of a rather more aristocratic type. He still wears his country's dress, but it is of a fine material, and his shoes are of the best description, with the thickest of felt soles. He is also more particular about his person, and shaves his head with greater regularity than any of the laboring classes, much to the advantage of his personal appearance; for, however smart a Chinaman may look with his sprucely shaven head and neat pigtail, he looks a most atrocious scoundrel when the hair is beginning to grow down on his forehead. These little shops are chiefly patronised by their own nation, or by the peddlers who at all seasons—but more especially in the winter, when the outlying settlers find it inconvenient to come into the town for trifling purchases—perambulate the country with two huge hampers swung as usual on either end of a bamboo pole over the dealer's shoulder. Most obliging are these Chinese peddlers, and they always make a point, every Christmas, of making some little present to their chief customers and to the children. Most of the large storekeepers and wholesale dealers are men of education and refinement, standing well with the commercial community, but except on rare occasions never mingling in any society but that of their own people. A few of them keep cheap eating-houses or restaurants, frequented by sailors and others who have no objection to a dinner composed of very dubious materials, so long as its cost does not exceed a shilling or eighteen pence. Many of them are general servants, and in almost every house in Northwest America the cook is a Chinaman. Female servants are rare, expensive, and most independent; so that our Asiatic friends have almost a monopoly of the kitchen. They get for such services from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, with board and lodging; while the young ladies who condescend to do "house helping," will demand from thirty to forty dollars, coupled with the bargain that they are not to brush boots, and are to have two nights a week, and the whole of Sunday, to themselves! They are not strong enough for laborers, but what they lack in muscles they make up in industry. Accordingly, working for moderate wages a large number of them are employed on public works, like the Pacific Railroad. Indeed, it is principally owing to the assistance rendered by them that the rapid formation of the portion of the line already completed on the west side of the Rocky Mountains is due. They were also employed in considerable numbers on the Panama Railroad, but had to be discontinued, as they had a disagreeable habit, when the day was very warm, of fastening themselves by their pigtails to the "dump cart," used to empty the earth into the Chagres river. They also employ themselves to some extent in catching and drying fish for the Chinese market. Every year they preserve several tons of the albicore, or ear-shell, for exportation to Canton, where it is used in a variety of manufactures.

Even their signboards are painted by themselves, as it is dangerous to employ a jocular American, especially when under the influence of Monongahela whiskey. Near San Francisco is a Chinese washing-house, surmounted by a signboard informing the passers-by that "ALL'S WELL,—WE MAY BE HAPPY YET? YOU BET!" which no doubt the innocent proprietor supposes to be an eloquent announcement anent "washing and ironing." Most of their large firms' designations do not express the names of the owner or owners, but are symbolic. For instance, they mean "The wide-spreading firm," "The firm of the Flowery Land," and so on. All of their food, clothing, &c., with the exception of pork, boots, or mining tools, are imported from China. Some years ago they were detected carrying on a most lucrative business in importing a liquid called Chinese wine, which was discovered to be a very strong brandy, and, accordingly, notwithstanding its name, excisable in the highest duties. If a Chinese dies in a foreign country, Mongol theologians seem to be agreed that it will go hard with him in the after-world unless his bones repose in the Flowery Land. Accordingly, the companies which bring the Chinese emigrants over to California are under contract to take them back again after a certain period, dead or alive. A Chinese funeral is a curious thing in San Francisco. A special burying-ground, called the Yerba Buena Cemetery, is set apart for Celestial repose. When carrying the body to the grave, a solemn individual scatters little slips of paper, with wise aphorisms of Confucius written on them, on either side; and on the lintels of their doorways are strips of red paper, on which are inscribed similar wise saws. On the grave is placed a roast fowl, some rice, and a bottle of "Chinese wine;" after which the mourners depart, never looking behind them. There is, however, another class of gentlemen who assist at the departed funeral, who are not so backward. A number of the rowdies of San Francisco, who are concealed near at hand, no sooner see the last of the mourners than they make a rush for the edibles and drinkables left for the benefit of Joss, and very soon make short work of them,—Joss, no doubt, getting the credit. After lying some months in the grave, the bones are dug up, and carefully cleaned and polished with brushes, tied up, and put into little bundles, which are nicely labelled and stowed away in a small tin coffin, in the particular hong or commercial house, which is responsible for them.* When a sufficient number of these interesting mementos have accumulated, a ship is chartered, and the coffins despatched, with their contents, back to Shanghae, Canton, or Hong Kong.

I saw a vessel in San Francisco harbor laden with four hundred dead Chinese. On some of the silent mountain trails I have come across some of these lonely graves, only marked with a cleft stick, in which was stuck a slip of red paper, with the name of the deceased, followed by one of the sage maxims of Kungfutzee (Confucius,) about the vanity of things earthly, which the subject of the cousin of the moon who lay below had already experienced in his own person.

Every year thousands of Chinese are entering to supply the place of those who leave, so that instead of decreasing, their numbers are increasing, with the country. Nobody likes John overmuch, and some of the baser sort have the most determined enmity to him. The store-keepers don't like him because he deals with his own people, though they forget that he takes nothing from them, and sometimes does put something in their pockets for mining tools. Beside, all John's dealings are for ready money, for though he may haggle long enough about the price, yet he gets no credit, though worse men may. The laborer doesn't like him, for he works for lower wages than he. This is a favorite subject of growling with these lazy loafers, as they doze away in bar-rooms, with their feet on the top of the stove. Yet there is room for all of them, and the Chinese are only taken because white men can't be got. Politicians don't take him up, because he doesn't vote, and therefore is of no account in municipal or state elections, and is not to be conciliated; while the newspaper editor, who ought to put in a good word for him, is very lukewarm on the subject, for John does not advertise, while his detractors do. Accordingly, poor John is kicked and abused, with very little chance of redress. He is hunted out of every good mining locality, and he may think himself well off if he is not robbed and has his pigtail cut off as a lesson to him, when, of course, the local paper will be sure to repeat the time-honored joke about a "long *tale* being cut short." Formerly rowdies thought it good fun to catch a Chinaman and cut his tail off, though, as every one who knows that people is aware, he would as soon you took his life, as he is an outcast among his co-religionists until his "hair grows." Some of them are Christians, and have given up this method of hair-dressing, but these are rare exceptions. I am glad, however, to say that of late years the California legislature have made it a penal offence to cut off a Chinaman's pigtail; at the same time I never heard of anybody being punished, though there are plently of pigtails lopped off. In the streets he is openly insulted. In Christian California I have seen a poor harmless Chinese stoned by boys until he was bleeding, hardly one being manly enough to take his part. I have heard of others after whom ruffians would hound their dogs, while the poor persecuted man was torn and bleeding, and the law touched his assailants not. The law passes acts against him, taxes him heavily as he enters, taxes him for making his living, and taxes him at every turn. It is quite a perquisite of the local official, this Chinese taxation, and he is either a very just, or, by no means, a "*smart*" man, who cannot make a revenue out of the unfortunate Celestial.

Even the Digger Indian, taking example from his superiors, persecutes and robs John also, if he finds him in the mountains, and as our poor friend will do anything rather than fight, he comes off very poorly indeed. John, it must be acknowledged, has an insuperable objection to pay taxes, notwithstanding his being in early life accustomed to be "squeezed" by a mandarin in his own country, and he will often take to the mountains when he hears of the sheriff coming his way. In Southern Oregon, where nearly all the diggings are occupied by Chinese, the sheriff, in order to take them by strategy, has to send a few deputies in the guise of miners, with packs of blankets on their backs, who surprise John before he has time to escape, and if he shows any symptoms of resistance, with a revolver at his head, force him to "pungle down the dust." I remember hearing a few years ago of some Chinese who, expecting the tax-gatherer, went and took refuge in a cave which they had bribed a Digger Indian to show them. After their guide had taken their money, he went off to the sheriff, and receiving another bribe, informed him where they were hiding. A fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave, and the poor fellows, fairly trapped, had to crawl out one by one, and to pay their money without loss of time; they never think of the wretched economy of all this, and of the loss of time being more than all the tax amounts to, but only of the sum which has to be squeezed out of their hoard.

Yet John is not such a bad fellow—even when from home. Though rarely mingling in general society, yet on high occasions he is most hospitable. Once a year in Southern Oregon the Chinese give a grand dinner, to which they invite the neighboring storekeepers and other friends. These storekeepers almost live by the Chinese, as there are no native dealers there. It is amusing to see the stock in trade of one of these 'cute Yankees, who is possibly a pillar of the church—Chinese gods, papers to burn in the temple of Joss, Chinese suan-pans, almanacs, novels, medicines, pickled cabbage, slugs, &c., possibly the whole superintended by a Chinese clerk. These entertainments were, however, greatly eclipsed by the grand dinner they gave to Mr. Burlingame, at present chief ambassador to the treaty powers, on his way out to China as United States ambassador, and sometime previously to Mr. Colfax, on the occasion of his visit to San Francisco in 1865. It was given by the five great hongs, or mercantile companies, of San Francisco, and was quite unique in its way, Chinese dishes and European being both presented. Of the former I counted some one hundred and sixty-five, but there must have been many more. They included every possible delicacy—sharks' fins, bird-nest soup, young bamboo, scorpions' eggs, &c., &c., &c., eaten with chop-sticks, with dessert about the beginning of the feast, including tea, which is said to have cost fifty dollars per pound. Between the courses the hosts and guests left the table, and were entertained by a Chinese opera, consisting of a one-stringed fiddle, a sort of gong, and something looking like a mud turtle, on the back of which they beat. They are exceedingly industrious, and if a Chinaman makes only half a dollar a day, he will save half of it. If he is well off, he lives well, but still saves. At their new year (in February) all accounts must be settled up, otherwise good reason must be shown why he should continue in business, or hold further commercial dealings. Most of them speak a sort of broken English—known in Canton as "Pigeon English," and all are exceedingly anxious to learn. Still, notwithstanding all their industry, they will occasionally come to grief, and land within the interior of the Californian Whitecross Prison.

In San Francisco there are five great hongs or merchant companies, called the Yung-wo, the Sze-yap, the Sam-yap, the Yan-wo, and Wing-yeung companies. These companies have large wooden buildings in the town, where they not only carry on business, but lodge and board all the people attached to their companies when in the city. There are also benevolent associations to take care of the sick of their own people. There are no Chinese beggars in San Francisco, and that nation alone has no representatives in the public hospital.

Most of the Chinese on the Pacific coast come to California under contract to one or other of these companies, engaged at a low rate of wages (generally about eight dollars per month,) and these companies again let out their in various ways. This is essentially the coolie system, and I think there need be little doubt but that this prevails in California. The laborers are said to be very faithful to their contracts. They have never yet learned to use the food of the people among whom they live. Rice is still the great staple, with sometimes a little pork; and on high occasions, ducks and other fowls. He is not, however, at all particular in his commissariat. Rats, mice, and even their mortal enemy the cat, is not safe from John's omnivorous stomach. I have often heard the miners venting curses both loud and deep on the prowling Chinese, who had cleared the "creek" of cats. Their houses have a peculiar, faint, sickening odor, perfectly indescribable. A friend of mine used to declare that they smell of nothing but effete civilization!

I have said so much about John's honesty, that it may not be out of place to close this article with a few remarks upon the disreputable side of the Chinese character on the Pacific, albeit some have been of opinion that there is only one side, and that the shady one. It cannot but be expected, where thousands of men are continually arriving, but that some rogues will slip in, more especially when the laborers are recruited from the notoriously scoundrelly coolie population of Chinese cities. Some of them are most adroit fowl-thieves, and will clear a fowl-yard between sunrise and sunset. They rarely attempt burglary, and chiefly lay themselves out for the "sneaking line." As they pass in single file along the street, with a basket on either end of a bamboo pole, loose, inconsiderate trifles are speedily transferred from shop-doors to these receptacles, the thief marching on as innocently as possible. Some few years ago they put a considerable amount of base coin into circulation. They were also accused of "sweating" the coin,—shaking it up in a bag for some hours, and then burning the bag to obtain the few grains which clung to the fibres of the cloth. They had a still more ingenious method of swindling, and that was to split open the twenty-dollar gold pieces, adroitly extract the inside, and then, filling it with some metal of equal weight, close the two sides again. So neatly was this done, that the union was not detected until some time after the trick had been in successful operation, and then only in the Mint at Philadelphia. They are notorious gamblers, and expend a large proportion of their earnings in this manner. In San Francisco and all the large towns, there are regular gambling-houses; and in the mining camps they spend a great portion of their leisure in playing, generally for "pice," or other low stakes.

The keepers of these houses must be wealthy, as they invariably pay the large fines which are sometimes inflicted on them when detected infringing the act passed against gambling-houses. They seem to have no idea of the binding nature of a legal oath, and accordingly their evidence is always received most cautiously. In the courts of law they are usually sworn by breaking a plate, cutting the neck off a fowl, or by burning a piece of paper before them. They do not intermarry with the whites, and few of the laborers bring wives with them. There are upwards of fifteen hundred of their women on the Pacific coast, one thousand of whom are in San Francisco, and nearly all of them are of the vilest class. The children are tolerably numerous in San Francisco, and are pretty little creatures, with their sparkling black eyes and queer little queues behind, eked out with green or scarlet silk. Suicides are very common among them, the Chinese seeming to care nothing for life. They are mostly Buddhists of a very corrupted type, though a few Christians are found among them. The former have a fine temple in San Francisco, and in every house is a little family temple, or Joss-house, before which papers are burnt and offerings made at stated times. With the exception of gambling and opium smoking, they have few amusements. In San Francisco they support a curious little theatre, where the music is a demoniacal band of gongs; and the same play seemed to have been going on for several years, when I last visited it, and is not yet finished. Kite-flying is a favorite out-of-door amusement. Chinese kites, made in the form of butterflies and birds, which give out a singing noise, are in great demand among the youth of the Pacific coast. Occasionally, on a Sunday, a few of them will have an "out" on horseback, or in a wagon. On these occasions some of them dress in European clothes; and the horsemanship and general display is a sight for gods and men! Except on the great festival of their new year, you see very little dissipation among them. These holidays generally last three or four days, when all business is suspended, and you must wear foul linen until John, your washerman, has finished his jollification. The morning of the first day of the holidays is ushered in by a loud display of crackers and other fireworks, and before nine o'clock the streets are covered with red papers. Sometimes, to the great delight of young California, a whole caskful is let off at once. A Chinese merchant told me that it generally costs about five thousand dollars each new year for fireworks alone; and some houses in the city will expend from three hundred dollars to four hundred dollars for this item alone.

During this season no allusion to anything sad, such as death, sickness, losses in business, or any misfortune, is tolerated by any one. Every sentiment must be of hope, good-will, and good cheer. Every true subject of the Flowery Land does his best; and the attire of some of the wealthy Chinese far exceeds in cost the dresses of the richest of the whites. A sable cape, silk trowsers, and embroidered silk jacket makes a very expensive turn-out. The greetings and salutations are very ceremonious, and all imaginary blessings are included in the interchange of good wishes. Upon almost all the stores, places of business, and tenements of the Chinese, may be seen during the holiday season, sundry strips of red paper pasted up, inscribed with Chinese characters. They are usually five in number, and are recognized in common parlance as "charms," but among those familiar with the usages of these people as the "five blessings." Each is inscribed with a separate blessing, such as health, wealth, friends, long life, and posterity. At this period they also visit the temple, observing certain religious rites, and making offerings of roast pigs and other dainties to their idols, which are afterwards withdrawn and eaten at their own feasts. The first four days at the beginning of each new year are appropriated for the lower classes, and thirty days for the gentry, as a time of feasting in China, but on the Pacific coast the custom is somewhat modified. Some of the wealthy Chinese keep up a round of festivities for two or three weeks, while the special holiday season may be said to expire at the end of three or four days. They have also other holidays in the course of the year. About these times, indigestion and other ills trouble John, and the doctor has to be called in. There are many of these professional gentlemen on the Pacific coast, grave looking old fellows, but generally arrant rogues. Deer-horns when in the "velvet" are eagerly bought, being esteemed a valuable medicament by the Chinese. The gall of a bear is valued at its weight in gold, and the rare Albino deer is equally prized.

In 1864, there was quite a furor in San Francisco about a Chinese doctor, whose consulting-rooms were besieged by the *elite* of the city. His success was said to consist in careful regimen, his medicines being very harmless. He used, however, to insure attention to diet and general conduct by laying down strict rules, to diverge from which, he informed his patients, would cause certain death to ensue from the medicine. He was of a fine appearance, richly dressed, and spoke through an Englishman as an interpreter. His lionization lasted a few weeks, and after that he gradually dropped into oblivion, to make way for some other sensation. On the whole, the rapidly increasing Chinese population is an advantage to the American states and territories on the Pacific, as well as the British colonies further north. They cultivate ground which no one else will, and work gold mines disregarded by the whites. They are consumers to some extent of European and American manufactures, and whether or no, their merchants pay taxes and import duties. On the whole, though kicked and abused, simply because they are harmless, inoffensive, and weak, and do not retaliate on the ruffians who maltreat them, as would any one else, they are an industrious people who, if they do not become citizens, yet do not interfere in any way in politics, and in proportion to their numbers, give less trouble to the law than any one else, and are therefore deserving of every encouragement.

*I notice an advertisement in a California paper about a new earthenware coffin, combining the advantages of durability, cleanliness, and cheapness; which latter virtue will no doubt commend it to the Chinese undertakers. The editor, in a paragraphic puff remarks "that any one having once used this coffin would use no other."

A "Small Sin" Among Women.

One of our small sins is our small jealousy of each other. It is wrong to say that women cannot be friends together; we can—true, firm, enduring friends; but I doubt if any young woman's friendship ever existed free from jealousy. If we are not jealous about men, we are about women, and guard our rights against division with the vigilance of a house-dog guarding his domain. No man can understand the unresting pettiness of jealousy that exists between women-friends; no man knows it for his own part, and no man would submit to it from his friend. But we accept it patiently, knowing where the shoe pinches from the shape of our own feet. As wives and lovers we are perhaps the most exclusive and the most jealous women in the world. There is scarcely a wife in England who would allow her husband to admire any other woman, to make of any other a friend, or to show frank pleasure in her society. There would be pouting, or tears, or tantrums, according to individual disposition, and the whole harmony of the household would be swept by the board; the practical upshot of which is that men make friends outside their homes, unknown to their respective Junos, and that very often the simple fact of secrecy changes the complexion of the whole affair, and makes what would have been only a friendship, if it could have been frankly acknowledged, an intrigue instead.—*The Broadway.*

THE OFFERING.

I have gathered them all for you, for you,
Beloved, of the bright, the violet eye!
And I bring them hither embalmed in dew,
To strew the curls that like sunbeams lie
On brow and cheek, where the lily and rose,
Other and brighter than mine, repose.

I have brought the lilies and roses sweet,
And the bells of purple and urns of white,
And sprays of crimson, graceful and meet,
And globes of gold that are globes of light;
And odorous heliotrope, that fills
The summer air as its breath distils.

With them I garnered the light and breeze
To gladden the slow-winged hours for you;
And songs that float from the whispering trees
Are hid in this "love in the mist's" deep blue;
And the columbine, child of the rock and hill,
I have brought from its home near the singing rill.

Touch them but once to your crimson lip,
Twine them in garlands about your hair,
Pass o'er their petals your finger tip,
Breathe in their odors and call them fair;
Then are they blessed, the fair flowers that grew
In garden, on hillside, but ever for you!

END OF THE SUMMIT TUNNEL OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY, ON THE SIERRA NEVADA.

Our engraving shows the east end of the summit tunnel, of the Central Pacific Railway, on the top of the Sierra Nevada, in California, midway between Coburn and Cisco. At this point the grade is 7,012 feet above the level of the sea, or as high as Mount Washington in New Hampshire. The entrance to the tunnel is 105 miles east of Sacramento. The scenery is wild and picturesque, presenting those attributes of grandeur peculiar to the mountain scenery of California. The forests of lofty pines, the towering peaks, and yawning rifts and chasms, traversed by the railway between Alta and Cisco, present a sublime panorama.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE RED COURT.

My lady was up betimes in the morning. Remembering the previous day's dinner, she went to seek the cook, intending to come down upon her with a reprimand. The servants were only just rising from breakfast, which afforded my lady an opportunity of seeing the style of that meal as served in the kitchen of the Red Court Farm.

Tea and coffee; part of a ham, cold; toasted bacon, hot; eggs boiled; watercress and radishes; a raised pie; cold beef; shrimps; hot roll; toast and butter. The sight of all this so completely took Lady Ellis aback, that she could only stare and wonder.

"Is that your usual breakfast table?" she asked of the cook when the rest had left the kitchen.

"Yes, my lady."

"By whose permission?"

"By—I don't understand," said the cook, a stolid sort of woman in ordinary, with a placid face, though very great in her own department.

"Who is it that allows all this?"

Still the woman did not quite comprehend. The scale of living at the Red Court Farm was so profuse, that the servants in point of fact could eat what they pleased.

"Sometimes the eatables is varied, my lady."

"But—does Mr. Thornycroft know of this extravagance going on? Is he aware that you sit down to such a breakfast?"

Cook could not say. He did not trouble himself about the matter. Yes, now she remembered, the justice had come in when they were at breakfast and other meals.

"Who has been the manager here?—who has had the ordering of things?" inquired my lady, in a suppressed passion.

"Sinnett, chiefly. Once in a way the justice would give the orders for dinner; a'most never," was the reply.

Compressing her lips, determining to suppress all this ere many days should be over, my lady quitted the subject for the one she had chiefly come to speak upon.

"And now, cook, what did you mean by flying in the face of my orders yesterday?"

"Did I fly in the face of 'em?" asked the cook, simply.

"Did you! I ordered a plain dinner—fish, a joint, and pudding. You sent up—I know not what in addition to it."

"Oh, it's them extra dishes you mean. Yes, my lady, Sinnett ordered 'em."

"*Sinnett!*" echoed my lady. "Did you tell her I had desired the dinner should be plain—that I had fixed on it?" she asked after a pause.

"Sinnett said that sort of dinner wouldn't do for the justice, and I was to send up a better one."

My lady bit her thin lips. "Call Sinnett here, if you please."

Sinnett, about her work upstairs, came in obedience to the summons. She was a little, pale-faced, dark woman, of about thirty-five, given to wear smart caps. My lady attacked her quietly enough, but with a manner authoritative.

"I beg you to understand at once that I am mistress here, Sinnett, and must be obeyed. When I give my orders, whether for dinner or for anything else, they are not to be improved upon."

"My lady, in regard to adding to the dinner yesterday, I did it for the best; not to act in opposition to you," replied Sinnett, respectfully. "A good dinner has to be sent in always: those are the general orders. The young gentlemen are so much in the habit of bringing in chance guests, that the contingency has to be provided for. I have known a party of eight or ten brought in before now, and we servants quite unaware of it until about to lay the cloth."

"Yes," said my lady, hastily, "that might be all very well when there was no controlling mistress here. Mr. Thornycroft's sons appear to have been allowed great license in the house; of course it will be different now. Remember one thing, if you please, Sinnett, that you do not interfere with my orders for dinner to-day."

"Very well, my lady."

Catching up her dress—a beautiful muslin that shone like gold—my lady turned to the larder, telling the cook to follow her. She had expected to see on the shelves the dishes that left the table yesterday; but she saw very little.

"What has become of the ducks, cook? They were scarcely touched at table."

"We had 'em for our suppers, my lady."

My lady had a wrathful word on the tip of her tongue; she did not speak it.

"Ducks for supper in the kitchen! Are you in the habit of taking your supper indiscriminately from the dinner dishes that come down?"

"Yes, my lady. Such is master's orders."

"It appears to me that a vast quantity of provisions must be consumed," remarked my lady.

"Pretty well," was the cook's answer. "It's a tolerable large family; and Mr. Thornycroft has a good deal given away."

"Provisions?"

"He do; he's a downright good man, my lady. Not a morning passes, but some poor family or other from the village comes up and carries home what's not wanted here."

"I wonder you don't have them up at night as well," said my lady, in sarcasm.

The cook took it literally.

"That's one of the few things not allowed at the Red Court Farm. Mr. Thornycroft won't have people coming here at night: and for the matter of that," added the woman, "they'd not care to come by the plateau after dark. About to-day's dinner, my lady?"

Yes; about to-day's dinner. As if in aggravation of the powers that had been, my lady ordered soles, a piece of roast beef, the tart that had not been cut yesterday, and the remainder of the lemon cream.

As she went sailing away, the cook returned into the kitchen to Sinnett. The woman was really perplexed.

"I say, Sinnett, here's a start! A piece of ribs of beef, and nothing else. What's to be done?"

"Send it up," quietly replied Sinnett.

"But what on earth will the justice and the young masters say?"

"We shall see. I wash my hands of interfering. Exactly what she has ordered, cook, and no more, mind: she and the master must settle it between them."

Mary Anne Thornycroft had hoped she "should not die of it." Of that there was little chance; but that the girl had received a great blow, there was no disputing. Mr. Thornycroft had said a word to her that morning after breakfast in his authoritative manner, to remind her that she was not to run wild, now there was some one at home to be her friend, mother, companion. Smarting under the sense of wrongs that in her limited experience, her ignorance of the woes of the world, she believed had never fallen on anybody's head before, Mary Anne when left alone burst into a flood of tears; and Isaac surprised her in them. Half in vexation, half in pride, she dried them hastily. Isaac drew her before him, and stood holding her hands in his, looking down gravely into her face.

"What did you promise me, Mary Anne?"

No answer.

"That you would, for a time at least, make the best of things. That you would *try* the new rule before rebelling against it."

"But I can't. It is too hard, Isaac. Papa's beginning to interfere now."

"Interfere! Is that the right word to use?"

She looked down, pouting her pretty lips. It was a good sign, as Isaac knew.

"There was no harm in my walking to Mrs. Copp's after breakfast yesterday; or in my staying there; or in my going with you to Jutpoint."

"Did papa say there was harm?"

"He told me I was not to run wild now. He told me that I had a"—the poor chest heaved piteously—"a mother. A mother to control me!"

"Well!" said Isaac.

"She is not my mother—I will never call her so. Oh, Isaac! why can't the old days come back again, when mademoiselle was here?"

"Hush! don't cry. Richard or she may be coming in. There; be your own calm self, while I say a word to you. Listen. This calamity has been—"

"There!" she interrupted. "You say yourself it is a calamity."

"I have never thought it anything else; but it cannot be averted now, and therefore nothing remains but to try and lighten it. It has been brought about by *you*; by you alone, Mary Anne; and if I revert to that fact for a moment, my dear, it is not to pain you, but to draw an inference from it for the future. Do not rebel at first to the control of my lady. It would be unjust, ungracious, altogether wrong; it might lead to further trouble for you, we know not of what sort. Promise me," he added, kissing her lips, "that you will not be the one to make first mischief. It is for your own good that I urge it."

Her better judgment came to her, and she gave Isaac a little nod in answer.

My lady reaped the benefit of this lecture. Coming in from her somewhat unsatisfactory visit to the cook, she found the young lady dutifully practising the Moonlight sonata. My lady looked about the room, as if by good luck she might find something to avert weariness. Miss Thornycroft had hoped she should not die of *her*; my lady was beginning to hope she should not die of ennui.

"Do you never have any books here? Novels?"

"Sometimes," replied Mary Anne, turning round to speak. "We get them from the library at Jutpoint. There are some books upstairs in the book-case that used to be mamma's—Walter Scott's, and Dickens's, and others."

The Moonlight sonata went on again. My lady, who had no soul for music, thought it the most wofully dull piece she had ever listened to. She sat inert on the sofa. Life—this life at the Red Court Farm—was already looking indescribably dreary. And she had pictured it as a second Utopia! It is ever so; when anticipation becomes lost in possession, romance and desire are alike gone.

"How long has Sinnet lived here?" she suddenly asked, again interrupting Miss Thornycroft.

"Ever so long," was the young lady's reply. "She came just before mamma died."

"What are her precise functions here? What does she call herself?"

"We don't call her anything in particular. She is a sort of general servant, overlooking everything. She is housekeeper and manager."

"Ah! she has taken a great deal of authority on herself, I can see."

"Has she?" replied Mary Anne. "I have heard papa say she is one of the best servants we ever had; thoroughly capable."

My lady gave her head a little defiant nod; and relapsed into silence and ennui.

Somehow the morning was got through. In the afternoon they set out to walk to the heath; it was rather late, for my lady, lying on the sofa in her bedroom, dropped off to sleep after luncheon. The dinner hour had been postponed to eight o'clock in the evening in consequence of a message from Mr. Thornycroft.

Winding round the churchyard, Mary Anne stood a moment and looked over the dwarf quickset hedge, on that side not much higher than her knee. My lady observed that her hands were clasped for a moment, that her lips moved.

"What are you doing, Mary Anne?"

"I never like to go by mamma's grave without staying a moment to look at it, and to say a word or two of prayer, was the simple answer.

My lady laughed, not kindly. "That comes of having a Roman Catholic governess."

"Does it!" answered the girl quietly, indignant at the laugh. "Mademoiselle happens to be a Protestant. I did not learn it from her, or from any one; it comes from my heart."

Turning abruptly on the heath, Mary Anne saw Mademoiselle Derode coming towards them, and sprung off to meet her with a glad step.

Disappointment was in store for my lady's private dream of keeping Miss Derode as governess. Mademoiselle was then on her way to the Red Court to tell them she was leaving for France in two days.

"You cannot go," said Mary Anne, with the decisively authoritative manner peculiar to the Thornycrofts. "You must come and spend some weeks with me at the Red Court."

Mademoiselle shook her little brown head. It was not possible, she said; happy as she could be at the Red Court; much as she would have liked to stay again with her dear Miss Mary Anne. Her mother wanted her, and she must go.

Turning about and about, they paced the heath while she repeated the substance of her mother's letter. Madame, said she, was suffering from a cold, from the separation, from loneliness, and had written for her. The Champs Elysees had no charms without her dear daughter; the toilettes were miserable; the playing children hustled her, their bonnes were not polite. Virginie must return the very first hour it would be convenient to do so. The pot-au-feu got burnt, the appartement smoked; madame had been so long on pension that she had forgotten how to manage things; never clever at household affairs, the craft of her hand appeared to have gone from her utterly. She had not had a dinner, so to say, since Virginie left; she had not slept one whole night. While Monsieur and Madame—her pupil's parents—had been away on their wedding tour, she had said nothing of this, but now that they were home again she would no longer keep silence. Virginie must come; and her best prayers would be upon her on the journey.

A sort of mocking smile, covered on the instant by a sweet word, crossed my lady's lips.

"It was all very well," she said, "just what a good mother would write; but mademoiselle must write back, and explain that she was wanted yet for some weeks at the Red Court Farm."

"I cannot," said mademoiselle; "I wish I could. Miladi is very good to invite me; but my mother is my mother."

"You left your mother for seven years; she did well then."

"But, yes; that was different. Miladi can picture it. We have our menage now."

"I have set my heart upon your coming to us, mademoiselle," was miladi's rejoinder, showing for a moment her white teeth.

"I should not need the pressing, if I could come," was the simple answer. "It is a holiday to me now to be at the Red Court Farm; but some things are practicable and others are not practicable, as miladi knows."

And the poor little governess in the cause of her mother was hard as adamant. They walked about until my lady's legs were tired, and then prepared to return.

"Of course you will come back with us, and dine for the last time?" said Mary Anne.

On any other occasion my lady might have interposed with an intimation that Mary Anne Thornycroft had no longer licence to invite whom she pleased to the table of the Red Court Farm. Without waiting for her to second the invitation, mademoiselle at once accepted it.

"For the last time," she repeated; "I shall be making my baggage to-morrow."

My lady did not change her dress for dinner. The odds and ends of what we are pleased to call full dinner-dress did not seem to be appreciated at the Red Court. Yesterday Richard and Isaac had sat down in their velveteen clothes. A moment before dinner Mr. Thornycroft came into the drawing-room, and said his sons had brought in two or three friends. My lady, meeting them in the hall, stared at their appearance and number.

"What is it? who are they?" she whispered to Mary Anne.

"Oh, it is only one of their impromptu dinner parties," carelessly replied Mary Anne. "I guessed they were thinking of it by their delaying the dinner. They have supper parties instead sometimes."

My lady thought she had never seen so rough a dinner party in her life, in the matter of dress. Richard and Isaac wore thin light clothes, loose and easy; the strangers' costume was, to say the least of it, varied. Old Connaught, temporarily abroad again, was wrapped in a suit of gray flannel; the superintendent of the coast-guard wore brown; and Captain Copp had arrived in a pea-jacket. Mary Anne shook hands with them all; Miss Derode chattered; and Mr. Thornycroft introduced the superintendent by name to his wife—Mr. Dangerfield.

"Only six to-day," whispered Mary Anne to her step-mother. "Sometimes they have a dozen."

Quite enough for the fare provided. Before Mr. Thornycroft began to help the soles, he looked everywhere for a second dish—on the table, on the sideboard, on the dumb waiter.

"There's more fish than this, Sinnet?" he exclaimed, hastily.

"No, sir. That's all."

Mr. Thornycroft stared his servants severally in the face, as if the fault were theirs. Three of them were in waiting: Sinnet, a maid, and Hyde. He then applied himself to the helping of the fish, and, by dint of contrivance, managed to make it go round.

Well and good. Some ribs of beef came on next, fortunately a large piece. Mr. Thornycroft let it get cold before him; he could not imagine what the hindrance meant. Presently it struck him that the three servants stood in their places waiting for the meat to be served. The guests waited.

"Where are the other things, Hyde?"

"There's only that, sir."

The justice looked up the table and down the table; never in his whole life had he felt ashamed of his hospitality until now. But by this time the curious aspect of affairs had penetrated to Richard.

"Is this all you have to give us for dinner?" he asked of Sinnett, in his deep, stern tones; and he did not think it necessary to lower his voice.

"Yes, sir."

"*This!* That piece of beef?"

"There's nothing else, sir."

"By whose management?—by whose fault? Speak, woman."

"My lady gave the orders, sir."

Richard turned his dark face on my lady, as if demanding whether Sinnett was not telling a lie; and Mr. Thornycroft began to cut the beef as fast as he could cut it.

"I did not anticipate that we should have friends with us," murmured the new mistress. She felt truly uncomfortable, really sorry for the contretemps; all eyes were turned upon her, following the dark condemning ones of Richard.

"We must make the best of our beef; there are misfortunes at sea," said Isaac, his good-natured voice breaking the silence. "You will judge of our appetites better when you get more used to us," he added to my lady with a kind smile.

"I should think there is worse misfortunes at sea," observed Captain Copp, forgetting his grammar in his wish to smooth the unpleasantness. "Bless and save my wooden leg! if us sailors had such a glorious piece of beef to sit down to of a day on the long voyages, we should not hear quite so much of hardships. I remember once—it was the very voyage before the one when I saw that sea-serpent in the Pacific—our tins of preserved meat turned bad, and an awful gale we met washed away our live stock. Ah, you should have been with us then, Mr. Richard; you'd never despise a piece of prime beef again."

Richard vouchsafed no answer; he had been thoroughly vexed. Captain Copp, seated at my lady's right hand, asked her to take wine with him, and then took it with the table generally.

My lady got away as soon as she could: hardly knowing whether to resent the advent of the visitors, the free and easy hospitality that appeared to prevail at the Red Court, or her own mistake in not having provided better. With that dark resolute face of power in her mind—Richard's—instinct whispered her that it would not answer to draw the reins too tight. At any rate, she felt uncomfortable at the table, and quitted it.

Leaving Miss Thornycroft and mademoiselle to go where they pleased, she went up at once to her chamber: a roomy apartment facing the sea. By its side was a small dressing-room, or boudoir; with a pleasant window to sit at on a summer's day. It was night now, but my lady threw up the window, and remained at it. A mist was arising out at sea: not much as yet. She was musing on the state of affairs. Had she made a mistake in coming to the Red Court for life? Early days as yet to think so, but a doubt of it lay upon her spirit.

The subdued tones of the piano underneath were echoing to the beautiful touch of Mademoiselle Derode; the soft, light touch that she had not been able to impart to her pupil. Mary Anne Thornycroft's playing, though clean, brilliant, and good, was, like herself, firm and decisive. You never heard the low melodious music from her that charms the heart to sweet sadness, rather than wins the ear and the admiration.

Suddenly, as my lady stood listening and musing, a figure, very dim and shadowy, appeared on the edge of the plateau, and she strained her eyes on it with a start.

Not of fear; she had no superstition in her hard composition, and all she felt was curiosity—surprise. Mademoiselle Derode might have given utterance to a faint scream, and scuttered away where she could not see the plateau, in dread belief that the ghost was walking. My lady had the good sense to know that a figure, shadowy by this light, might be very substantial by daylight. All in a moment she lost sight of it. It appeared to be standing still on the plateau's edge, whether looking this way or over the sea, her far sight, remarkably keen, could not tell, but as she looked the figure disappeared. It was gone, so far as she could see; certainly it did not walk either to the right or the left. For a brief instant my lady wondered whether it had fallen over the cliff—as the poor coastguard-man had once done.

Footsteps underneath. Some one was crossing the garden, apparently having come from the direction of the plateau, and making for the solitary door in the dead wall at the unused end of the house; the end that she had been warned could not welcome ladies. To her intense surprise she recognized her husband, but dressed differently from what he had been at dinner. The black frock coat (his usual attire) was replaced by one of common velveteen, the gaiters were buttoned over the pantaloons, the customary hat by a disreputable wide-awake. Where could he have been?—when she had thought him busy with his guests!

The mist was extending to the land very rapidly: my lady shut down the window in haste and descended the stairs. The drawing-room windows were open, and she rang the bell for them to be closed. In those few moments the mist had increased so greatly that she could not see halfway across the garden. It was almost like an instantaneous cloud of blight.

"Mr. Thornycroft has left the dining-room," she observed to Hyde, as he was shutting the windows. "Have the people gone?"

"No, my lady. I have just taken in the pipes and spirits."

"Pipes and spirits! Do they smoke at these impromptu dinner gatherings—and drink spirits?"

"Generally," answered Hyde.

"But Mr. Thornycroft is not with them? I saw him out of doors."

Hyde, his windows and shutters closed, turned round to face her, and spoke with emphasis.

"The justice is in the dining-room, my lady. He does not quit it when he has friends with him."

Believing the man told her a lie, for her own sight was perfectly reliable sight—at least it had been so hitherto—she determined to satisfy herself. Waiting until he had gone, she crossed the hall, opened the dining-room door an inch and peeped in. Hyde was right. There sat Mr. Thornycroft in his place at the foot of the table, almost close to her, in the same dress he had worn at dinner, a long churchwarden's pipe in his mouth, and a steaming glass of something hot before him.

"What will you allow me for housekeeping, Mr. Thornycroft?" she asked in the morning.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing," repeated the justice, in his firmest tone, decisive as Richard's. She was taking her breakfast languidly in her room. It was eleven o'clock, but she had a headache, she said: the truth being that my lady liked to lie in bed. Mr. Thornycroft, coming in, condoled with her in his hearty manner, never believing but the plea was genuine—the straightforward country gentleman would as soon have believed Captain Copp's wooden leg to be a real one, as a headache false. He entered on the matter he came

to speak of, the dinner of yesterday. Kindly enough, but very emphatically, he warned her that such a thing must not occur a second time. It had been altogether a mistake.

"Any money you may wish for yourself, for your own purposes, is yours heartily," he resumed; "but in the housekeeping you must not interfere. The cost is my care, and Sinnett sees to it: she has been in the house so long as to know perfectly well how to provide. I would have given ten pounds out of my pocket, rather than have had that happen last night," added the justice, giving a flick to his trowsers' right-hand pocket, in momentary irritation at the recollection.

"But to provide such dinners is most unreasonable," she remonstrated. "It is only for the servants to eat. I don't think you can have an idea of the extravagance that goes on in the kitchen."

"Pooh! Extravagance! I can afford it. The servants only eat what goes down from our table; and what they can't eat is given away to those who want food. It was my father's plan before me, and it is mine."

"It is sinful waste," retorted my lady. "If you choose to sit down to an outrageously profuse table yourself, the servants ought not to follow suit."

"What would you have done with the superfluous victuals?" demanded the justice. "Put up for auction of a morning and sold?"

"As you ask me what I would have done, I will answer—do not provide them. The housekeeping is altogether on too liberal a scale."

Mr. Thornycroft, who had been looking from the window over the sea, lying hot and clear and beautiful this morning, turned and stood before her; his fair, handsome face grave, his towering form raised to its full height, his voice, as he spoke, impressive in its calm decision.

"Lady Ellis, understand one thing—that this is a matter you must not interfere in. The housekeeping at the Red Court Farm—that you are pleased to find cause of fault with—is an established rule; so to say, an institution. It cannot be changed. Sinnett will conduct it as hitherto, without trouble to or interference from yourself. Whenever it does not please you to sit down to table, there are other rooms in which you can order your dinner served."

"And suppose I say that I must exert my right of authority—my privilege of controlling the dinners?" she rejoined, her voice getting just a little harsh with the opposition.

"You cannot say it. I am master of my own house and my own table."

"You have made me the mistress!"

"Just so; but not to alter the established usages."

Lady Ellis tapped her foot on the soft carpet.

"Do you consider that there is any *reason* in keeping so large a table?"

"There may or may not be. My pleasure is that it shall be kept. My sons have been brought up to it; they would not have it curtailed."

"I think your sons have been brought up to a great deal that is unfitting. One would think they were lords."

"Handsome, noble fellows!" aspirated the justice, with perhaps a little spice of aggravation. "There are not many lords that can match them."

My lady bit her thin lips, a sure sign of rising temper.

"It seems to me to be my duty, Mr. Thornycroft, exercising the authority you have vested in me by making me your wife, to control the extravagance hitherto running riot. Opposition, ill-feeling, in the house will not be seemly."

"Neither will I have it," put in the justice.

"I do not see that it can be avoided. I give certain orders. Sinnet, acting under you, opposes them. What can the result be but unseemly contention? How would you avoid it, I ask?"

"By going to live in one of the cottages on the heath, and leaving Isaac—I mean Richard—master of Red Court Farm."

He spoke promptly—like a man whose mind is fully made up. The prospect of living in a cottage on the heath nearly took my lady's breath away.

"Mr. Thornycroft!" she passionately exclaimed, and then her tone changed to one of peevish remonstrance: "why do you bring up impossibilities? A cottage on the heath!"

Mr. Thornycroft brought down his hand, not in anger but emphasis, on the small breakfast table.

"Were the order of the Red Court upset by unnecessary interference on your part—were I to find that I could be no longer master of it without being subject to continual opposition, I should surely *quit* it. If a cottage on the heath were distasteful to you, I would take lodgings at Jutpoint."

Lady Ellis sipped her coffee. It did not appear safe to say more. A cottage on the heath, or lodgings at Jutpoint!

"I only wished to put a stop to unnecessary extravagance," she said, in a tone of conciliation.

"No doubt. I give you credit for good motives, of course; but these things must be left to me. The same gentleman who dined here yesterday evening are coming to supper this. I have made out the bill of fare myself, and given it to Sinnett."

"Coming again to-night!" she could not help exclaiming.

"To atone for the shortcomings of yesterday's dinner," spoke the justice. "I never had occasion to feel ashamed of my table before."

"I cannot think what possible pleasure you can find in the society of such men," she said, after a pause. "Look at them, coming out to dinner in their rough coats!"

Mr. Thornycroft laughed.

"We don't go in often for evening dress at Coastdown. As to the pleasure, they have been in the habit of sitting at my table for some years, madam, and I enjoy the companionship."

"I fancied you left them early; I thought I saw you cross the garden, as if coming from the plateau," she said, resolving to speak of the matter which had so puzzled her.

"We did not leave the dining-room until eleven o'clock."

"Well—it was very strange. I was standing at this window, and certainly saw some one exactly like you; the same figure, the same face; but not in the same dress. He seemed to have on gaiters and a velveteen coat, and a low, broad-brimmed hat, very ugly. What should you say it could have been?"

"I should say that you were dreaming."

"I was wide awake. It was just before that mist came on," she added.

"Ah, the fault must have lain in the mist. I have known it come as a mirage occasionally, bringing deception and confusion."

Did he really mean it? It seemed so, for there was seriousness on his face as he spoke. Quitting the room, he descended the stairs, and made his way to the fields. In the four-acre mead—as it was called in common parlance on the farm—he came upon Richard watching the hay-makers. Richard wished him good morning; abroad early, it was the first time he had seen his father that day.

"What was the failure, Dick?" asked the justice.

"Fog," shortly answered Richard. "Couldn't see the light."

Mr. Thornycroft nodded.

"Are we to have a repetition, sir, of yesterday's dinner table?" resumed Richard. "If so, I think the sooner your wife is requested to take up her residence somewhere else, the better."

"You will not have it again. Sinnett holds my orders, and my wife has been made aware she does. There's no need for you to put yourself out."

With the injunction, spoken rather testily, Mr. Thornycroft left him. But a little later, when he met Isaac, he voluntarily entered on the subject; hinting his vexation at the past, promising that it would never again occur, almost as if he were tendering an apology for the accident.

"I'm afraid I made a mistake, Ikey; I'm afraid I made a mistake; but I meant it for the best."

It was over thus. To his second son Mr. Thornycroft's behavior was somewhat different from what it was to his eldest. It could not be said that he paid him more deference: but it was to Isaac he generally spoke of business, when speaking was needed; if an opinion was required, Isaac's was sought in preference to Richard's. It was just as though Isaac had been the eldest son. That Richard had brought this on himself, by his assumption of authority, was quite probable: and the little preference seemed to spring from the justice involuntarily.

The evening supper took place, and the guests were consoled by the ample table for the scantiness of the previous dinner. My lady was not invited to join it; nothing appeared further from Mr. Thornycroft's thoughts than to have ladies at table. She spent a solitary sort of evening; Mary Anne was at Mrs. Wilkinson's, taking leave of Miss Derode.

Was it, she asked herself, to go on like this always and always? Had she become the wife of Justice Thornycroft only to die of the dreary life at the Red Court Farm? Let us give her her due. When she married him she did intend to do her duty as an honest woman, and send ridiculous flirtations, such as that carried on with Robert Lake, to the winds. But she did *not* expect to be done to death of ennui.

A short while went on. Nearly open warfare set in between Mary Anne and her stepmother. To-day my lady would be harsh, exacting, almost cruel in her rule; to-morrow the girl would be wholly neglected—suffered to run wild. Mr. Thornycroft saw that things could not continue thus, and the refrain of the words he had spoken to Isaac beat ever on his brain, day by day bringing greater force to them: "I fear I made a mistake; I fear I made a mistake."

One morning Mary Anne astonished the justice by appearing before him in his bureau, in what she was pleased to call the uncivilized rooms. He sat there with Mr. Hopley, of Dartfield, some account books before them. Her dress, a beautiful muslin with a raised blue spot, was torn out at the gathers and trailed behind her. My lady had done it in a passion.

"Hallos! what do you do *here?*" cried the justice, emphatically; and Mr. Hopley went out whistling, with his hands in his pockets, and crossed over to stare at the idle dog-cart in the coach-house, as if to give privacy for the explanation.

She had come with one of her tales of woe. She had come to beg and pray to be sent to school. What a change! Mr. Thornycroft was nearly at his wits' end.

Ere the day was over, his wife brought a complaint to him on her own score: not altogether of Mary Anne. She simply said, incidentally, that ill-trained young lady was getting quite beyond her control, and therefore she must wash her hands of her. The complaint was of her own health; it appeared to be failing her in a rather remarkable manner, certainly a sudden one. This was true. She had concluded that the air of Coastdown was inimical to her, and she wished it might be managed for her to live away—say Cheltenham, or some other healthy place.

How eagerly Mr. Thornycroft caught at the suggestion, he felt afterwards half ashamed to think of. In matters involving money he was always liberal, and he at once named a handsome sum per month that she might enjoy at Cheltenham, or anywhere else that pleased her.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT SCHOOL IN LONDON.

Two years have gone by, and it is June again.

A good, substantial house in one of the western suburbs of the metropolis—Kensington. By the well-rubbed brass plate on the iron gate of the garden, and the lady's name on it—"Miss Jupp"—it may be taken for a boarding-school. In fact, it is one: a small select school (as so many schools proclaim themselves now; but this really is such;) and kept by Miss Jupp, once of Katterley. That is, by Miss Jupp and two of her sisters, but she wisely calls it by her own name singly, avoiding the ugly style of the plural. "Miss Jupp's establishment."

Fortune changes with a great many of us; every day, every hour of our lives, some are going up, others down. When death removed old Mr. Jupp (an event that occurred almost close upon poor Mrs. Lake's,) then his daughters found that they had not enough to get along in the world. Wisely taking time and circumstances by the forelock, the three elder ones, Mary, Margaret, and Emma, removed to London, took a good house at Kensington, and by the help of influential friends very soon had pupils in it. Dorothy and Rose were married; Louisa remained at Katterley with her widowed mother. They professed to take ten pupils only: once or twice the number had been increased to twelve; the terms were high, but the teaching was good, and the arrangements were really first-class. It was with the Miss Juppe that Mary Anne Thornycroft had been placed. And she did not run away from them.

Quite the contrary. The summer holidays have just set in, and she is to go home for them; as she did the previous midsummer; but she is expressing a half wish, now as she stands before Miss Margaret Jupp, that she could spend them where she is, in London. Long and long ago has she grown reconciled to the regularity of a school life, and to regard Miss Jupp's as a second and happy home. She spent the first Christmas holidays with them; the second Christmas (last) at Cheltenham with her stepmother; she and her brother Cyril.

Lady Ellis (retaining still the name) is in very ill health now. Almost simultaneously with quitting the Red Court after her marriage, a grave inward disorder manifested itself. Symptoms of it indeed had been upon her for some time, even before leaving India; but—as is the case with many other symptoms—they had been entirely disregarded, their grave nature unsuspected. Instead of leading a gay life at the gay inland watering-place, flaunting her charms and her fashion in the eyes of other sojourners, Lady Ellis found herself compelled to live a very quiet one. She has a small villa, an establishment of two servants only; and she does not wish for more. In heart, in nature, she is growing altered, and the refining, holy influence that very often—God be praised!—changes the whole heart and spirit with a change which is not of this world, is coming over her. Two visits only has she paid to the Red Court Farm, staying about six weeks each time, and Mr. Thornycroft goes to Cheltenham two or three times a year. Miss Thornycroft and her stepmother are civil to each other now, not to say friendly; and when she invited the young lady and her brother Cyril for the holidays last Christmas, they went. The previous midsummer they had spent together at Coastdown, it having been one of the periods of my lady's two visits. Fortune had contrived well for Lady Ellis, and her marriage with the wealthy master of the Red Court Farm enabled her to enjoy every substantial comfort in her hour of need.

Two other young ladies connected in a degree with this history are at Miss Jupp's this evening; the rest of the pupils have left. One of the two we have met before, one not. They are in the room now, and you may look at them. All three, including Miss Thornycroft, are about the same age—between eighteen and nineteen. She, Mary Anne, is the same tall, stately, fair, handsome, and (it must be owned) haughty girl that you knew before; the fine face is resolute as ever, the cold blue eyes as honest and uncompromising. She had been allowed to dress as expensively at Miss Jupp's as her inclination leads: to-day she wears a rich pale-blue silk; blue ribbons are falling from her fair hair. She is standing doing nothing: but sitting in a chair by her side, toying with a bit of fancy-work, is a plain, dark, merry-looking girl in a good useful nut-brown silk, Susan Hunter. She is the sister of Robert Hunter, several years his junior, and has been sent up from Yorkshire by her aunt, with whom she lives, to have two years of "finish" at a London school. Accident—not their having once known something of her brother—led to the school fixed on being Miss Jupp's. And now for the last.

In a gray alpaca dress, trimmed with a little ribbon velvet of the same hue, her head bent patiently over a pile of drawings that she is touching up, sits the third. A very different footing in the school, here, from that of the other two; *they* pay the high, full terms; *she* pays nothing, but works out her board with industry. Have you forgotten that pale, gentle face, one of the sweetest both in feature and expression ever looked upon, with the fine silky chestnut hair modestly braided round it, and the soft brown eyes that take all the best feeling of a genuine heart by storm? The weary look telling of incessant industry, the pile of work that she does not look up from, the cheap holiday-dress (her best) costing little, all proclaim sufficiently her dependent position in the house—a slight, graceful girl of middle height, with a sort of drooping look in her figure, as if she were, and had been all her life, in the habit of being pushed into the background?

It is Anne Chester. Her life since we saw her has been like that of a dray horse. Mrs. Chester placed her at an inferior school as pupil-teacher, where she had many kinds of things to do, and the mistress's own children to take care of in the holidays. For a year and a half she stayed at it, doing her best patiently, and then the Miss Juppa took her. She has to work very much still, and her health is failing. Captain and Mrs. Copp have invited her to Coastdown for a change, and she goes down to-morrow with Miss Thornycroft. Miss Hunter spends the holidays at school.

Mrs. Chester? Mrs. Chester quitted Guild, to set up a fashionable boarding-house in London. It did not answer; the mass of people remained cruelly indifferent to its advertisements; and the few who tried it ran away and never paid her. She then removed to Paris, where (as some friends assured her) a good English boarding-house was much wanted; and, if her own reports are to be trusted, she is likely to do pretty well at it.

There remains only one more person to mention of those we formerly knew; and that is Robert Hunter. Putting his shoulder to the wheel in earnest, as only a resolute and capable man can put it; I had almost said as one only who has some expiation to work out; his days are spent in hard industry. He is the practical energetic man of business; never spending a moment in waste, never willingly allowing himself recreation. The past folly, the past idleness of that time, not so very long gone by, recurs to his memory less frequently than it used, but ever with the feeling of a nightmare. He is still with the same firm, earning a liberal salary. Since a day or two only has he been in London, but there's some talk of his remaining in it now. Nothing seems to be further from his thoughts than any sort of pleasure: it would seem that he has one vocation alone in life—work.

These three young ladies were going out this afternoon. To a grand house, too; Mrs. Macpherson's. The professor, good simple man, had been content, socially speaking, with a shed on the top of Aldgate pump: not so madam. As the professor rose more and more into distinction, *she* rose; and the residence in Bloomsbury was exchanged for a place at Kensington. Possibly the calling occasionally on the Miss Juppa, had put it into her head. A house as grand as its name in the matter of decoration; but not of undue size: Mrs. Macpherson had good common sense, and generally exercised it. A dazzling white front with a pillared portico and much ornamentation outside and in—"Majestic Villa." The professor had wanted to change the name, but madam preferred to retain it. It was not very far from Miss Jupp's, and these young ladies were going there to spend the evening.

In all the glory of her large room, with its decorations of white and gold, its mirrors, its glittering cabinets, its soft luxurious carpet, its chairs of delicate green velvet, sat Mrs. Macpherson, waiting for these young guests. In all her own glory of dress, it may be said, for that was not less conspicuous than of yore, and that of to-day looked just as if it were chosen to accord with the hangings—a green satin robe with gold leaves for trimmings, and a cap that could not be seen for sprays and spangles. In her sense of politeness—and she possessed an old-fashioned stock of it—Mrs. Macpherson had dressed herself betimes, not to leave the young ladies alone after they came. Thus, when they arrived, under the convoy of Miss Emma Jupp, who left them at the door, Mrs. Macpherson was ready to receive them.

It was the first time they had been there for many weeks; for the professor had been abroad on a tour in connection with some of the ologies, as his wife expressed it, in which she had accompanied him. The result of this was, that Mrs. Macpherson had no end of Parisian novelties, in the shape of dress, to display to them in her chamber.

"I know what girls like," she said, in her hearty manner, "and that is, to look at new bonnets and mantles, and try 'em on."

But Mary Anne Thornycroft—perhaps because she could indulge in such articles at will—cared not a jot for those attractions, and said she should go down to see the professor.

He had some rooms at the back of the house, where his collection of scientific curiosities—to call things by a polite name—had been stowed. And here the professor, when not out, spent his time. Mary Anne quite loved the man, so simple-minded and yet great-minded at one and the same time, and never failed to penetrate to his rooms when occasion offered. Quickly wending her way through the passages, she opened the door softly.

It was not very easy to distinguish clearly at first, what with the crowd of things darkening the windows, and the mass of objects generally. At a few yards' distance, slightly bending over a sort of upright desk, as if writing something, stood a gentleman; but certainly not the professor. His back was towards her; he had evidently not heard her enter, and a faint flush of surprise dawned on Mary Anne's face, for in that first moment she thought it was her brother Cyril. It was the same youthful, supple, slender figure; the same waving hair, of a dark auburn, clustering round the head above the collar of the coat. Altogether seen in this way, there was a certain resemblance; and that was the first primary link in the chain that attracted Mary Anne to him. The door, which she had left open, closed with a slight bang, and the gentleman spoke, without lifting his head.

"I have worked it out at last. You were right about its being less than the other."

"Is Dr. Macpherson not here?"

He turned sharply at the words, a pencil in his hand, surprise on his face. A good face; for its old gay careless look had departed for ever, and the dark-blue eyes—darker even than of yore—wore a serious gravity that never left them, a gravity born of remorse. The face was older than the figure, and not in the least like Cyril Thornycroft's; it looked fully its seven-and-twenty years, nay, looked nearer thirty; but all its expression was merged in surprise. No wonder; to see a beautiful girl in blue silk, with blue ribbons in her fair hair, standing there; when he had only expected the professor, in his old threadbare coat and spectacles. It was Robert Hunter.

"I beg your pardon," he said, coming forward. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I thought Dr. Macpherson was here. I came to see him."

Never losing her calm self-possession on any occasion, as so many young ladies do on no occasion at all, Miss Thornycroft stepped up to the side glass cases to examine the curiosities, talking as easily to him as though she had known him all her life. Without being in the least free, there was an openness of manner about her, an utter absence of tricks and affectation, a straightforward independence, rather remarkable in a young lady. For Robert Hunter it possessed a singular charm.

Before the professor came in, who had forgotten himself down in his cellar, where he had gone after a cherished specimen in the frog line; before Mr. Hunter had pointed out to her a quarter of the new acquisitions in the glass cases—animal, vegetable, and mineral—they knew all about each other: that he was Susan Hunter's brother, and that she was Miss Thornycroft, of Coastdown. At the mention of her name, a brief vision connected with the past floated across Robert Hunter's brain—of a certain summer evening when he was returning to Guild with his poor young wife, and saw the back of a high open carriage bowling away from his sister's gate, which he was told contained Mr. and Miss Thornycroft. Never since that had he heard the name or thought of the people.

"Do you know, when I came into the room just now, and you were standing with your back to me, I nearly took you for one of my brothers. At the back you are just like him."

Robert Hunter smiled slightly.

"And not in the face?"

"Not at all—except, perhaps, a little in the forehead. Cyril has hazel eyes and small features. The hair is exactly like his, the same color, and grows just as his does in front, leaving the forehead square. If you were to hide your face, showing only the top of the forehead and the hair, I should say you were Cyril."

The professor appeared, and they went into a more habitable part of the house. Robert had not seen his sister since she was a little girl; he had not seen Anna since they parted at Guild. It was altogether an acceptable meeting; but he looked at Anna's face somewhat anxiously.

"Have you been working very much, Anna?" he took occasion to ask, drawing her for a moment aside.

"I am always working very hard," she answered, with her sweet smile of patient endurance. "There is a great deal to be done in schools, you know; but I am well off at Miss Jupp's compared to what I was at the other place. They are very kind to me."

"You have a look upon you as if you felt tired always. It is a curious impression to draw though, perhaps, considering I have seen you but for ten minutes."

"I do feel tired nearly always," acknowledged Anne. "The Miss Juppa think London does not agree with me. I am going to Coastdown for a change for the holidays; I shall get better there."

He thought she would require a longer change than a few holiday weeks. Never in the old days had it struck him that Anna looked *frail!* but she certainly did now.

"And now, Robert Hunter, you'll stay with us, as these young ladies are here?" said hospitable Mrs. Macpherson.

He hesitated before replying. Very much indeed would he have liked to remain, but he had made an appointment with a gentleman.

"Put it off," said Mrs. Macpherson.

"There's no time for that. Certainly—if I am not at the office when he comes, one of the partners would see him. But—"

"But what?" asked the professor. "Would not that be a solution of the difficulty?"

"A way out of the mess," put in the professor's wife.

Mr. Hunter laughed.

"I was going to say that I have never put away any business for my own convenience since—since I took to it again."

The attraction, or whatever it might be, however, proved too strong for business this afternoon, and Robert Hunter remained at the professor's. When he and Miss Thornycroft parted at night, it seemed that they had known each other for years.

It was very singular; a thing of rare occurrence. We have heard of this sudden mutual liking, the nameless affinity that draws one soul to another; but believe me it is not a very frequent experience. The thought that crossed Robert Hunter's mind that evening more than once was—"I wish that girl was my sister." Any idea of another sort of attachment would be a very long while yet before it penetrated to him as even a possibility.

In the evening, when they got home at an early hour—Miss Jupp had only given them until eight o'clock, for there was packing to do—Mary Anne Thornycroft went into a fever of indignation to think that no message had been left by or from any of her brothers.

"It is so fearfully careless of them! That is just like my brothers. Do they expect we are to travel alone?"

"My dear, do not put yourself out," said Miss Jupp. "Two young ladies can travel alone very well. You will get there quite safely."

"So far as that goes, ma'am, I could travel alone fearlessly to the end of the world," spoke Mary Anne. "But that is not the question; neither does it excuse their negligence. For all they know, I might have spent all my money, and have none to take me down."

Miss Emma Jupp laughed.

"They would suppose that we should supply you."

"Yes, Miss Emma, no doubt. But they had no business to send me word that one of them would be in London to-day to take charge of me home, unless—"

The words were brought to a sudden stand-still by the opening of the door. One of the maids appeared at it to announce a guest.

"Mr. Isaac Thornycroft."

There entered the same noble-looking young man, noble in his towering height and strength, that we knew two years ago at Coastdown; he came in with a smile on his bright face—on its fair features, in its blue eyes. Miss Emma Jupp's first thought was, what a likeness he bore to his sister; her second, that she had never in her whole life seen any one half so good-looking. It happened that she had never seen him before. Mary Anne began to reproach him for carelessness. He received it all with the most ineffable good humor, the smile brightening on his sunny face.

"I know it is too late, quite wrong of me, but I missed the train at Jutpoint, and had to come by a later one. Which of these two young ladies is Miss Chester?" he added, turning to the two girls who stood together. "I have a—a trifle for her from Captain Copp."

"You shall guess," interposed Mary Anne. "One of them *is* Anna Chester. Now guess."

It was not difficult. Miss Hunter met his glance fearlessly in a merry spirit; Anna blushed and let fall her eyes. Isaac Thornycroft smiled.

"This is Miss Chester."

"It is all through your stupid shyness, Anna," said Mary Anne in a cross tone. Which of course only increased her confusion. Isaac crossed the room, his eyes bent on the sweet blushing face, as he held out the "trifle" forwarded by Captain Copp.

"Will you accept it, Miss Chester? Captain Copp charged me to take particular care of it, and not to touch it myself."

It was a travelling wickered bottle, holding about a pint. Anna looked at it with curiosity, and Emma Jupp took it out of her hand.

"What can it be?"

"Take out the cork and smell it," suggested Mr. Isaac Thornycroft.

Miss Emma did so; giving a strong sniff.

"Dear me! I think it is rum."

"Rum-and-water," corrected Isaac.—"Captain Copp begged me to assure Miss Chester that it was only half-and-half, she being a young lady. It was for her refreshment as she goes down to-morrow."

"If that's not exactly like Sam Copp!" exclaimed Miss Jupp with some asperity, while the laugh against Anna went round. "He will never acquire an idea beyond his old sea notions; never. *I* remember what he was before his leg came off."

"He came all the way to Jutpoint in the omnibus after me when I had driven over, to make sure, I believe, that Mrs. Copp should not be privy to the transaction. It was through his injunctions as to the wicker bottle that I missed my train," concluded Isaac—his eyes, that were bent on Anna Chester, dancing with mirth. At which hers fell again.

If all of us estimated people alike, especially in regard to that subtle matter of "liking" or "disliking" on first impression, what a curious world it would be! Miss Emma Jupp considered Isaac Thornycroft the best-looking, the most attractive man she had ever seen. Mary Anne Thornycroft on the contrary, was thinking the same of somebody else.

"I never saw anybody I liked half so much at first sight as Robert Hunter," she softly said to herself, as she laid her head on her pillow. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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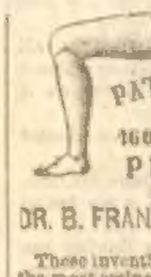

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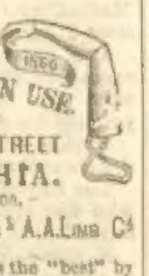

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Reference will be given, if required, from the most reliable wholesale merchants of Boston and New York, as to our standing and the strictly honorable character of our business.

☞ We want agents in every town, to whom the following commissions will be paid:

TERMS TO AGENTS.

For a Club of 30, and $3—*31 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, yard wide.* All wool Pants and Vest Pattern. Marseilles Quilt. 12 yards good Bed Ticking. 7 yards Red Twilled Flannel. 15 yards Cotton Flannel. 1 dozen gents' Linen Handkerchiefs. Fine white German Counterpane, fringed. Handsome Balmoral Skirt. Elegant double clasp 100 picture Photograph Album. Silver plated engraved five-bottle Castor. Elegant silk Fan, ivory or sandal-wood frame, beautifully spangled. Handsome beaded and lined Parasol. 20 yards good print, fast colors. Fine damask Table Cover. 1 dozen fine Linen or damask Towels. Ladies' real Turkey morocco Travelling Bag. Delaine Dress Pattern. 3 elegant engraved Napkin Rings. 1 dozen Merino or Cotton Stockings. Violin and bow in box complete. Set Jewelry, with long pendant drops. Ladies' fashionable Square Shawl. Good Meerschaum Pipe in case. Half dozen Rogers' best silver Dessert Forks. Or one article from club of 20 and one from exchange list.

For a Club of 50, and $5—*33 yards good quality Brown or Bleached Sheeting, yard wide.* Fashionable Alpaca Dress Pattern, any color. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pair Wool Blankets. Engraved silver plated six-bottled Castor. 3½ yards very fine all wool Cassimere for pants and vest. Set of 6 ivory-handled tea Knives, with silver plated Forks. Handsome satin or silk Parasol, heavily beaded and lined. 20 yards good Prints, fast colors. Ladies' or gents' large real morocco travelling bag, French frame. Handsome Poplin Dress Pattern. Ladies' Cloth Cloak Pattern. Ladies' fashionable Shawl. 1 fine large Marseilles Quilt. 2 Honeycomb Quilts. Silver plated Cake Basket, plated on fine white metal. Genuine Meerschaum Pipe. 1 pair gents' Calf Boots. Or one article from club of 30 and one from club of 20, or four articles from exchange list.

Club of 100, and $10—One of the following articles: 1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress Pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair gents' French Calf Boots. Very fine all wool Cloth for ladies' cloak. *65 yards good Brown or Bleached Sheeting, yard wide.* 1 elegant high-colored all wool plaid Poplin Dress Pattern. 1 Empress Cloth Dress Pattern. 7½ yards fine Cassimere for suit. 1 set ivory balanced-handle Knives and Forks. 1 ladies' or gents' silver Hunting-case Watch. 1 Bartlett hand portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, steel engravings, with record and photograph pages. 25 yards good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilts. 1 good six-barrel Revolver. 1 elegant Fur Muff and Cape. 1 single-barrel Shot Gun. 1 silver plated engraved six-bottle Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 very fine all wool long Shawl. 2½ yards double width Beaver Cloth for overcoat. Or eight articles from exchange list.

☞ For a more extended list of commissions, see circular. We also give agents additional commissions, in proportion to the amount of money returned for goods. This extra commission is not offered by any other house. We are the only firm who pay their agents for sending for goods after they have obtained subscribers to their clubs.

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TO THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening, is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice, may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.

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The cheapest, neatest, and most readable of New York journals. Everybody likes it. Three editions, DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, and WEEKLY, at $6, $2, and $1 a year. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every weekly and semi-weekly number. A valuable present to every subscriber. Send for specimen, with premium list. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher *Sun*, New York.

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$10 A DAY to agents selling SILVERS' PATENT ELASTIC BROOMS. *Horace Greeley* says: "I predict its success." CLEGG & CO., 38 Cortlandt St., New York.

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Will add three columns of figures at a time **correctly**, about as quick as a good writer can set them down. Leading accountants say it is the most practical **Adding Machine** ever in use. Agents wanted. **There is money in it.** Sample sent to any address for **One Dollar.** R. H. WALKER, 208 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 3986.

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$10 TO $20 PER DAY SURE, and no risk. Agents wanted everywhere, on commission or by the month, to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* For full particulars, address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.—Best thing out. No humbug. Sample 10 cents. Sells at 20 cents. S. GEHR, Shiremanstown, Pa.

COME UNTO ME all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11—28.

WANTED, AGENTS.—"*Wonder of the World,*" is warranted to cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Sold on the package system. Not to be paid for until tested. I pay $60 per month and commission, to distribute packages. J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A California Yarn.

There is a fellow over at Groundhog's Glory who has a rich claim for sale. Sam Hodgers heard about it the other day and went over there to see what the chances were for making a good bargain. Sam is a dissatisfied sort of a fellow, and is always trying to buy into something rich. So, as I was saying, he bulged right over to Groundhog's Glory the moment he heard of it.

When he got there he found that the owner of the claim and his wife had gone on a visit to another family in the Big Bug Canon. The only person about the premises was a small boy about twelve years old. From him Sam obtained some information which the owner himself might not have communicated.

Sam went down with the boy and took a look at the claim. While he was casting his eye around, the boy sat on the bank and whistled "Oh Gosh! my own Jemima."

Having finished his survey, Sam went up and sat down beside the innocent juvenile.

"Bub," said he, "I've heard that this is a rich claim, and it does look pretty well. Now to tell the honest truth, what does your father want to sell out for if it's as rich as they say?"

The small boy stopped whistling, cocked his head to one side, closed one eye and squinted thoughtfully at Sam with the other.

"Stranger, have you got half a dollar about you? If you have, perhaps I wouldn't mind telling you."

Sam forked over the half dollar, and the boy looked at it a moment and whistled, "Git out of the Wilderness."

"Well, feller, bein' as it is you, I don't object to saying that the reason Dad wants to sell this here claim, is 'cause it is too rich."

"Too rich! Played out," put in Sam.

"Now, stranger, you jest hold yer hosses till I get through, an I'll explain it to you. You see this ain't like other claims where the gold is in sandy gravel and mostly in the bed-rock, but the bank here is nearly all clay, and there's heaps and gobs of fine gold all through it. The clay is the all-firedest stickiest stuff that ever was, and you can't begin to work it. When Dad gets to work down there he naterally gets the darned stuff all over him, and when he comes in at night he's jest coated with it about six inches deep more or less, and this clay is plum full of gold."

"I don't see that that's any reason for his wanting to sell out," interrupted Sam.

"Well, old hoss, you keep cool and don't get rampagious and I'll tell you how it is. When Dad comes in at night he's mighty tired, but Mam, you see, is such an awful economical woman that she don't like to see so much gold wasted as Dad has about him in the clay every night, so Mam she allers turns in and cleans him up. At first she used to be satisfied with scraping him down with a hoe and panning him out. She made lots of money at that. He used to pan out rich, I tell you. But pretty soon Mam got unsatisfied 'cause it took too long to pan him out every night, and besides, she didn't get half the gold. The clay was so sticky it wouldn't wash good. Then she got a string of sluices out in front of the house and put up a little hydraulic and used to pipe him off. Dad was dreadful mad about it. You ought to hear him growl and cuss. He said it was too wearin' for a man to work in the drain all day and then to be worked hisself at night. He had to give in, though. Mam said he shouldn't board with her if he didn't, and that fetched him, you bet.

"Things ran on in this way for some time. The old woman made two or three hundred dollars a week reg'lar. But as I told you before, she was awful savin' and she found she couldn't pipe him off clean and lost ever so much in the tailin's. You don't know how sticky the clay is around here. The only way in which you can work it clean is to chuck it into a kittle of bilin' water and bile it for two or three hours. That's the way the fellow what first struck the claim used to work the rich crevices. Mam heerd of this, and she thought if she could work the old man in some such way, she could save the gold. Of course she didn't expect to bile him right down, you know. That wouldn't have been exactly on the square, but she thought if she could let him stand in middlin' hot water for an hour or two every night, she could run him thro' the hydraulic then and wash him off pretty clean.

"Well, stranger, you mightn't think it, but Dad was so pesky contrary that he wouldn't do it. Mam said he'd got to do it, 'cause she wasn't goin' to see money thrown away by no such contrariness. Neither one of 'em wouldn't give in, so they concluded they'd split the difference and let him sell out and go below and buy a ranch.

"That's jest how it is, stranger; if you ain't married and want to buy this claim, you can make a mighty good thing out of it, but if you've got a wife she won't let you rest for tryin' to work you to good advantage."

Here the unsophisticated infant finished and walked away, calmly whistling "I wish I was a Daisy," while Sam retired to reflect on the matter, for he was, and is, married. —*Golden Era.*

Church Singing.

A correspondent of the Syracuse Journal writes:—"A line of hymn given out at a prayer-meeting so excited the curiosity of my little girl, that on returning home she repeated it with a request for an explanation. The line, as she heard it, was 'Mike Rime's a bird and long has been.' At the cost of much time devoted to researches in an old hymn-book, and the exercise of a patient ingenuity, the satisfactory discovery was made of the original of the above translation, to wit: 'My crimes a burden long have been.' In entering upon this search I had, to be sure, the advantage accruing from a recent solution of another enigma of hers, involving 'Who is Peteri?' Peteri was found located in the lines—'False to Theo, like Peter, I would fain like Peter weep.'"

PROGRESSING.—A clergyman, in the county of Durham, had taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. After the lessons had finished, he had not been able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said my friend. "He's canny, sir," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably, now." "Bible, sir! bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

FEMININE TACT.

MAMMA.—"Sydney, I insist on your eating that piece of meat. You should not have asked for it if you did not want it."

SYDNEY.—"It's so big, ma."

SISSY.—"But if you fold it up, it won't look so big."

New Method of Book-Keeping.

Some time since, a barber was brought before the police court at Paris, charged with having customers in his house after midnight. The examination is thus reported:

Barber.—It is the fault of this person, Merlon, who is in the court, as he has not time to be shaved until late at night.

The President.—You ought not, at all events, to disturb the public peace; there were cries issuing from your house, as if you had been committing murder.

Merlon.—He was shaving; that's almost the same thing. [Laughter.]

The President.—Was it you, then, Merlon, who was crying out as if you were being flayed?

Merlon.—Yes, in fact he was flaying me [a general laugh,]—he was cutting me horribly.

Barber.—It is very true, but I made a mistake.

Merlon.—Did you mean to cut me?

Barber.—I do not say that—[prolonged laughter]—I certainly did not mean to cut him so deep. [Loud and continued laughter.]

The President.—Did you then cut him on purpose?

Barber.—Indeed I did, in the spirit of my order. You understand, one does not like to be below his business.

The President and Merlon together.—And why?

Barber.—The whole affair is this: Mr. Merlon is not to be trusted, as he does not pay the ready money. He used to cheat me in the number of shaves for which he owed me; when he had twelve, he used to say that he had only six, so that I lost both my razor, my soap, and my time. At last I devised a method of keeping a reckoning not to be disputed.

The President.—How was it?

Barber.—Every time I shave him, I make a notch in his cheek [general laughter] when we count up, I look at his cheek—so many notches, so many shaves—[renewed laughter]—but the other day the razor turned in my hand—I made the figure too large, and it was this that made him cry out and disturb the neighborhood.

Amidst general laughter, the barber was condemned to pay the full penalty, and the President advised him to renounce in future his *new system of keeping accounts.*

THE WRONG HEAVEN.—An American minister of fine descriptive power, was on one occasion preaching about Heaven, and to show the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine houses, cows, and pretty women; and in the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister, carried away with the scene, went into raptures, and exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory!" The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to do, till the presiding elder, in the stand behind him, cried out to the shouter, "Hold on there, sister; you are shouting over the wrong heaven."

NO GERMAN.—A select hop took place at a hall in Corning, recently, and the programme announced, "No German." A well-to-do Teuton saw it, and stopping one of the managers in the street, he said, "Vot you calls dis a free guntry; vot for you kick me out of mit your show all the vile? 'No German!' den I backs up mine goods, and goes back to mine vaderland, and then I gets up one grand hippty hop, and I say, 'No Yankee,' and see how you likes dem all de vile."

Falling in Love.

Early love is fruitful of miseries through its inexperience. Under ordinary circumstances two young persons, of opposite sexes and the same age, are apt to fall in love with each other if they are left much together. It is the most natural method of imparting a new interest to the ordinary business of taking walks to church and back—of spending the evening, and so forth. It is so very quiet and simple a revolution that the young people are only awakened to its presence by some little incident that flashes the truth upon their frightened eyes. Then there is a brief moment of superhuman ecstacy, followed by mutual protestations, vows of constancy, and tearful adjurations to secrecy. Week after week this blissfully-disquieting life goes on, and then Edward, turning despairing eyes towards her, bids her farewell, and goes off in quest of fame and fortune. Which of them shall first find out the profound mistake and blunder that lay at the root of all this fleeting joy? Which of them shall first awake some morning to find some new object installed in the chamber of the affections which hitherto has had only an insufficient and temporary lodger? Perhaps Edward discovers that a very few weeks' absence has made a wonderful difference in his views of things, and now being able more impartially to scan the unhappy Clara's disposition and temper, finds that these would never assort with his own. Or, is it Clara, who sees in Edward's wilfulness and fits of sudden liking and disliking, an unhappy omen for the future, and discovers that her heart does not cling to him with that perfect abandonment which would make marriage a safe experiment? Her letters become more sublued. He remonstrates. She gives the faintest possible indication of the truth. He rises up in the majesty of his wrath, curses womankind, takes to writing Byronic poetry, and giving himself headaches through excessive drinking, finally turns to business, marries, ten years after, a happy little woman, and settles down to living a comfortable and peaceful life.

Now the tragic aspect of the case is this: that however desirable for both parties may be the breaking up of this unwise compact, sharp sundering leaves a dreadful and ragged wound in at least one of the hearts concerned. Edward may reason with himself, then or afterwards, that the inconsistency about which he so bitterly complained, was a perfect god-send to him, but no amount of reason will remove the scar of the wound. The shattering of one's faith in this particular woman is like the collapse of the universe. There is no more faith, no more love, no more hope possible. Ruin and chaos encompass things, and the world is a cheat. Then, the beautiful idyllic charms of those early days, the sweet memories that hang around them like a faint fragrance; the old visions and aspirations, and tender confidences. Is it not entirely desolating that these should be buried forever in the shadowy past? These days will never be forgotten. In the evenings of the years to come he will sit and brood over them, and call up faces and scenes out of the flickering fire. A whiff of sea air or the scent of sweet briar, will be fraught with a vague sadness to him, for these will be forever associated with that by-gone dream. By-and-bye he will reach a clearer conception of the whole affair, and come to see that the conduct of Clara was not so much the result of her own sinful wilfulness or weakness, or inconsistency, but the result of certain circumstances which were absolutely coercive. This tyranny of circumstances will forever hang around him as an impenetrable mystery—a hateful, miserable thing; and when some tragic story of love's misery is told him in a theatre, or in a book, the sense of indignation and pity will make his heart swell with sympathy, and his eyes fill with the bitterness of long ago.

☞ The last fashion item from Paris is that ladies' lips must be very pale. Coral coloring has quite gone out of fashion, and the expression of the elegant mouth is that of weariness and scorn.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Robin.

Fortunately for the reputation of the Robin, careful and faithful friends have looked into his record, and the result of their investigations proves him to be an invaluable friend to the farmer, and demonstrates by indisputable evidence that his services are of an indispensable importance. Nearly eleven years since, the very same gentleman who this last summer signalized his imperfect knowledge of birds by protesting against the European Sparrow's coming to Boston, because it was not an insect-eater, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society introduced a motion in favor of the presentation of a petition to the State Legislature, in the name of the Society, praying for the repeal of all legislation for the protection of the Robin. After an animated discussion, in which it was shown that the Robin was not even then without strong friends, the Society, instead of adopting the motion, very wisely voted to look into the matter before they thus committed themselves, and referred the whole subject of the habits of the Robin to a select committee, who were desired to make a very thorough investigation. Fortunately at the head of this committee was placed J. W. P. Jenks, Esq., of Middleboro', an ardent and zealous friend of the bird. He entered upon his duties with an alacrity and an interest, and completed them with a fidelity and a thoroughness that reflect upon him the highest credit. The leisure hours of an entire year were devoted by this gentleman to a careful and minute investigation of the subject committed to his charge. Day by day, and at all hours of the day, he procured specimens of the birds for the purpose of carefully examining the contents of their several stomachs, for evidences of the general character of their food. Robins were thus obtained by him, both from the villages and from the more rural districts, apart from gardens and orchards. Beginning with the first week in March, 1858, these examinations were continued, with more or less frequency, until the same month of the succeeding year.

Confining ourselves here to such portions of the results as may have a direct bearing upon the points we seek to establish, we find that Professor Jenks has demonstrated, among other things, that during the whole of March, April and may, not a particle of vegetable matter of any kind whatever could be found in the food of the robins. Insects, in large quantities, varying greatly as to kind, condition and development, were during all these months their sole and exclusive food. The larvæ of a species of fly known to naturalists as the *Bibio albipennis* of Say, formed a large proportion of the contents of their stomachs. Not unfrequently as many as two hundred of these insects, in this stage of development, were taken from a single bird, and for the most part wherever any were found they were the only food in the bird's stomach.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Preparation of Whitewash.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world, when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Out building and fences when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water tight cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slackened. When the lime has been slackened, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. A beautiful cream color may be given to the wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead color by the addition of a lump of ivory black. For fawn color add four pounds of umber, one pound of Indian red, and one pound of common lampblack. For stone color add two pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack. When applied to the outside of houses and to fences, it is rendered more durable by adding about a pint of sweet milk to a gallon of wash.

An Excellent Fertilizer.

The Journal of Chemistry says that one of the very best fertilizers used upon the farm for all the cereal grains and root crops may be made in the following manner: Take one barrel of pure, finely ground bone, and mix with it a barrel of good wood ashes; during the mixing, add, gradually, about three pails full of water. The heap may be made upon the floor of an out-building or upon the barn floor; and by the use of a hoe the bone and ashes must be thoroughly blended together. The water added is just sufficient to liberate the caustic alkalies, potash and soda, and these act upon the gelatine of the bone, dissolving the little atoms, forming a kind of soap, and fitting it for plant aliment. In this way the most valuable constituents of bone can be made immediately available, and the addition of potash and soda adds in the formation of a fertilizer of inestimable value. A gill of this mixture, placed in a hill of corn will work wonders. It is excellent for garden vegetables, and for all kinds of roots. It will be ready for use in a week after it is made.

THE SPARROW.—Of the English sparrow, which has recently been introduced into New York city, and is gradually spreading into the country, the following remarks were recently made by the chairman of the Haddingstonshire, Scotland, Farmers' Club: While it is true that they do some good by destroying the caterpillar, and the green fly in the bushes of the garden, yet they were destructive to the gooseberries; often they did not leave a single berry. They do great injury to the oat crop just before the grain arrives at maturity. He considered the sparrows "blackguards out and out."

HORSES.—The increase in the number of horses in the United States since 1860 is estimated at 1,750,000, or 25 per cent. The whole number is now said to be about 8,000,000, valued at $2,666,000,000, or something more than the whole national debt. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Kentucky and Texas are the great horse-raising states, in the order in which we have given them. California, however, has increased her stock in a greater ratio than any other, namely, from 160,610 in 1860, to 500,000 in 1869.

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil chickens, turkey, or veal; remove all the skin and gristle, and chop it very fine. Cut heads of lettuce into quarters, and lay it in water with a piece of ice. If made with celery, it should be sliced very fine, and laid in water with ice to crisp. Make the dressing by taking the yolks of two or three eggs, a tablespoonful of mixed mustard, a little Cayenne pepper, and salt; stir this together with a large fork on a flat dish; turn in gently, stirring all the time one way, half a bottle of sweet oil; add a little vinegar; turn in a little more oil, stirring it up well. Put about half of the dressing with the meat; mix it up with a spoon; add a little more vinegar; put it into the centre of a flat dish; cut the lettuce in quarters; dry the lettuce in a napkin, and lay it neatly round the meat; turn the remainder of the dressing over the lettuce. The celery may be cut very fine with a knife; but do not chop it. After it is cut, mix it well with the meat.

CUSTARD BLANCMANGE.—One quart of water or sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Let the water boil, then add the corn starch and sugar dissolved in a little cold water. When done, pour in a deep dish or cups, which have been wetted in cold water.

TO WHITEN RED HANDS.—Procure a pair of kid gloves that are much too large for your hands, smear the insides with a mixture prepared as described below, and wear them occasionally at night, while you are sleeping: Fresh eggs, two; oil of sweet almonds, two teaspoonfuls; rose water, one ounce; tincture of benzine, thirty-six grains. First beat the eggs and oil together, and then add the rose water and tincture.

STRAW MATTING may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry; the salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

TO BLEACH A FADED DRESS, wash it well in hot suds, and boil it until the color seems to be gone, then wash and rinse, and dry it in the sun; if not sufficiently white, repeat the boiling.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a man's name.
My 2, 3, 6, is a girl's name.
My 6, 5, 2, 1, was one of the old patriarchs.
My 4, 5, 3, is a near relative.
My 5, 6, is a preposition.
My 5, 1, denotes surprise.
My whole is a town in Massachusetts.
W.

Riddle.

My 1st is in John, but not in Frank,
My 2nd is in board, but not in plank;
My 3rd is in laugh, but not in cry,
My 4th is in corn, but not in rye;
My 5th is in ebb, but not in flow,
My 6th is in high, but not in low;
My 7th is in brown, but not in white,
My 8th is in dull, but not in bright;
My 9th is in stage, but not in car,
My 10th is in harp, but not in guitar.
My whole is a noted person.
San Antonio, Texas. YATES.

Mathematical Problem.

The north and south sides of a field in the shape of a trapezoid, are parallel; the eastern side is a meridian; and the diagonals cross each other at right angles. The shortest or northern side measures 45 perches, and the field contains 23 acres and 70 perches. Required—the other sides of the field.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

An iron shell, whose outside and inside diameters were respectively 9, 8, and 7 inches, was filled with gunpowder, and, being discharged at an elevation of 45 degrees, reached its greatest elevation just over a house half a mile distant, where it burst. Find the number of pounds of powder required to discharge it from the mortar, and the height above the house at which the shell burst (supposing the mean weight of 30 cubic inches of gunpowder to be 1 lb.)

MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are fish in a hearty state like fish made to imitate them? Ans.—They are *hearty fish all* (artificial.)

☞ Why is a bad song like the Thames Tunnel? Ans.—It is a great bore.

☞ Why is a greedy man like another with a short memory? Ans.—He is always *for getting* (forgetting.)

☞ Why is a blind beggar often like a wig? Ans.—He is often *curled* (curled.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—F. A. Shaeffer, Lancaster, Ohio. RIDDLE—"For man is man and master of his fate."

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Jan. 23rd—9 3-5, 19 1-15, and 28 4-5 gain per cent.—W. H. Morrow. 9 3-5, 19 1-5, and 28 4-5 per cent.—P. Artner. 9.6, 19.2, and 28.8 per cent.—J. S. Phebus. 10, 26 2-3, and 24 per cent.—J. B. Sanders. 2 7-9, 4 4-9, and 13 3-9 per cent.—W. H. Coleman.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—320-321.—A. Martin. 34-47.—W. Barrett. 8953—11700.—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to H. Kobel's PROBLEM of same date—52 acres, 55 perches.—D. Diefenbach. 50 acres, 10 perches.—W. Hoover. 9375 perches.—W. Barrett, J. S. Phebus, P. Artner, and S. S. Knox. 150 and 62½.—J. Niman, and W. H. Coleman.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 30th—A, $5.76; B, $6.24.—A. Martin, J. S. Phebus. A, $5.87 12-49, B, $6.12 37-49.—W. Barrett.

Answer to X.'s PROBLEM of same date—145 185-243.—D. Diefenbach.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—820 men.—E. P. Norton, and J. S. Phebus. 648 men.—W. H. Coleman.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Feb. 6th—N plus 2.718281828, the base of the Naperian system of logarithms.—A. Martin, and J. Scott.

Answers to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date—2-3.—J. Scott, and W. Barrett. 97-140.—J. S. Phebus. 55-63.—A. L. Preston.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 13th—6 to 1.—W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, W. Barrett, J. B. Sanders, F. M. Grimes, and W. H. Coleman. 3 to 1.—J. N. Soders.

Answers to Augustus's PROBLEM of same date—$19.87 93-161 cts. per acre.—D. Diefenbach, A. M. H. $19.87 plus.—P. Artner. $19 141-161.—F. M. Grimes, and S. S. Knox. $19.87½.—J. N. Soders, and C. J. $19.875.—W. Hoover, J. S. Phebus. $19 423-483.—E. P. Norton. $19.872.—J. B. Sanders.

LEMON DUMPLINGS.—Add the juice of one lemon to the rind, which must be chopped fine; mix half a pound of suet, also chopped, with half a pound of bread crumbs, one egg, enough milk (or water) to make a stiff paste; add the lemon, sweeten to taste, divide it into five or six equal parts, and boil in separate cloths for three-quarters of an hour, and serve up with wine sauce.

PLAIN CHEESECAKES.—One ounce of butter, one ounce of powdered sugar, one stale sponge-cake, and two drops of essence of lemon, all beaten together; this quantity makes nine cheesecakes; a few currants on the top of each if you like.

TAPIOCA BLANCMANGE.—Half a pound of tapioca soaked for one hour in a pint of new milk, and then boiled until quite tender; sweeten, according to taste, with loaf sugar, and, if preferred, flavor with either lemon, almond, or vanilla. Put the mixture into a mould; when cold turn it out, and serve it with custard or cream, and, if approved, some preserves.

TREATMENT OF OIL CLOTH.—Oil cloth ought never to be wetted—if it can be possibly avoided—but merely to be rubbed with a flannel, and polished with a brush of moderate hardness, exactly like a mahogany table, and by this simple means the fading of the colors, and the rotting of the canvas, which are inevitably attendant upon the oil cloth being kept in a state of moisture or dampness, are entirely avoided.

GOLD AND SILVER LACE may be cleaned by sewing it in clean linen cloth, boiling it in a pint of soft water and two ounces of soap, washing it in cold water; if it be tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished parts.